DAMODAR BHANJA :

Dasa Poi

Dasa Poi

(THE TEN IDYLLS)

A Lyrical Poem in Ten Chapters by Damodar Bhanja
The Young Royal Poet of Orissa [1761-1796 A. D.]
Text Accompanied with an English Translation

By

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DEDICATED

To The Sacred And Ever-green
Memory of My Dear Wife

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

In presenting a short popular Orissan poem, with an English translation, the Editor must begin by apologizing for its many imperfections, even if he can claim the credit of a pioneer effort to present the beauties of Orissan Literature. Though various anthologies have been issued before, such as the collection under the title of *Typical Selections from Oriya Literature,* published by the Calcutta University, (1st Edition 1921) and the recent Translation of Selections from Upendra Bhanja by B. C. Patnaik, this is the first time that a complete poem has been made accessible with its text and translation to non-Orissan readers. A word must be said to explain the choice of the piece,—out of the rich store-house of Orissan poetry—having a long and interesting history. This small Idyllic poem was chosen partly by reason of its shortness—(the whole text is covered by 120 verses) and partly by reason of its popularity, and partly by the fact, that the text has acquired a new halo by reason of the quaint and picturesque illustrations which adorn one of the manuscripts used in editing and translating the piece. The Editor's attention was drawn to this manuscript by its beautiful illustrations—about 30 years ago—when he first saw it as a new acquisition in the collection of his friend the late and lamented Burjore N. Treasurywalla at Bombay, whose services in the cause of preventing the exodus of the art-treasures from India to foreign countries have not been fully recognized. When the Editor took a series of quarter-plate negatives of the leaves of the Ms. attracted by its beautiful Illustrations, he had no idea of the identity or the quality of the poem or its author. The negatives were lying for 30 years—in the Editor's untidy archives—until he was called upon to deliver some Lectures at the Utkal University in September, 1951. The preparation of these Lectures necessitated the search of all available data and a study of the illustrations and the text of this Ms. of *Daśa Poi,* in the editor's photographic collection—stored so many years ago. While using one or two items from the Ms. to demonstrate the character of Orissan Illustrated Mss. in the University

Lectures the suggestion was made by Miss Sudha Bose (the Editor's talented student, and research Scholar, and, the valiant publisher of this Text) that the whole Ms. should be edited, translated, and published. The proposal was readily accepted and the Editor spent the whole month of June, 1951 on the sands of the sea-beach at Puri in reading through the poem, in a clumsy printed text (Jagannath & Co., Dutta Press, 1931) with the help of a very competent and erudite Oriya Pandit—Yamesvara Sarma, the head-teacher in a local school, whose extensive acquaintance with Oriya literature is supplemented by a deep study of classical Sanskrit Literature. It is a pleasure to record my grateful indebtedness to this Pandit who helped me to collate the text and to correct the various readings on the basis of the available printed text and the Treasury-walla palm-leaf Ms. available in the Editor's photographs.

When the text was edited and translated it was felt that the publication should be embellished and accompanied by reprodeuctions of the incised illustrations—decorating the Ms. For this purpose the small size negatives taken in 1920, were quite inadequate. But in the meantime, the owner of the Ms. had died and his whole collection had been acquired (through the mediation of the Editor) by the Government of India for its projected Museum and National Gallery of Indian Art. An appeal was made to the Editor's friend Dr. V. S. Agarwala who with commendable courtesy and kindness had the whole of the Illustrated pages of the Manuscript—photographed in a series of six Full Plates—from which the Photogravure Plate in this book has been prepared.

The identification of the subject-matters of the Illustrations and their relation to the text was a difficult task, but no help in this respect could be had in Orissa—and had to be completed with the help of Miss Sudha Bose whose interest in the undertaking progressively developed—culminating in the onerous work of publishing this questionable venture. Excepting help—readily given by Miss Bose in respect of the first six leaves of the Illustrations—the other Illustrations have been identified by the Editor on his own responsibility. It is quite possible that some identifications of the anecdotes illustrated are wrong but it is hoped that the reader could make his corrections by referring to the text.

A word of grateful acknowledgement—is due to Sri Vishnu Mohan Kavya-tirtha an Oriya Pandit living in Calcutta who helped the Editor in revising the text and in reading through the final proofs to prevent any possible errors.

Though the text of the *Dasa Poi* is very popular with the masses, its author has not achieved the fame and glory of his name-sake Upendra Bhanja who sits gloriously on his throne in the Kingdom of Classical Orissan poetry. Sometimes the *Dasa Poi* has been wrongly assigned to Upendra Bhanja, a name to conjure with in Orissan literature, and, sometimes referred to as the "Literary Konarak of Kalinga" The author of our poem though also—a king of the Bhanja dynasty had not acquired the position of his name-sake. And it is hoped that the present publication will redeem the reputation of a genuine lyricist from comparative obscurity. In some sense it may be claimed that this tiny little poem in its simplicity and quaint beauty is the easiest introduction to a beginner in the un-known realm of Orissan Literature.

The Editor's translation,—a literal rather than a free rendering, has marred much of the beauty of the original—but the flavour of the original text here annexed in consecutive pages will be easily accessible to readers particularly to those acquainted with the conventions of Sanskrit lyrical poetry, and who can easily correct for himself the passages inaccurately rendered.

An author should be best known in the revelations of his own compositions. But there is a conventional curiosity to pry into the private life of an author, the details of which do not always offer any help or commentary on his productions.

Belonging to the royal family of Mayurbhanj, Damodara Bhanja, author of our poem, leaps into the pages of history which he occupied for 36 years—having reigned from 1760 to 1796, so that he occupied the throne of Mayurbhanj—during the Marhatta Rule in Orissa of which he was a feudatory. It is said that he mounted the *guddee* of the State after deposing his old uncle Dasarathi Bhanja. He subsequently came to be acknowledged as the Raja of Bāmanghāti.

The Bhanja Dynasty of Orissa claims descent from the Kachhvaha clan of Rajputs—a claim disputed by R. D. Banerjee. When the Moghuls conquered

Orissa, it became a fashion with the chiefs to claim Rajput origins. But actual contact with the Rajputs and Rajput culture may be assumed at the beginning of the 18th century—from the time when modern Jajpur was founded by Maharaja Swai Jai Singh II during the reign of Emperor Muhammad Shah (1719—1748). There is a tradition somewhat unreliable that the Mayurbhanj State was founded by a relative of the Raja of Jaipur (Rajputana)—one Jai Singh who had come on a visit to the shrine of Jagannath at Puri and married a daughter of the then Gajapati Raja of Orissa and received Hariharpur as a dowery.

It is not necessary to import Rajput influence to explain the prediliction for Krisṇalīlā themes in Orissan literature as Orissa is one of the greatest venue of Vaisnava culture long before the visit of Rajput princes and long before the advent of the Cult of Jagannath.

Anyhow, Damodar Bhanja was the first ruler of Mayurbhanj to come into contact with British agression in Orissa—on the borders of Midnapore. In their policy of aggression the British had forcibly occupied some villages in the Pargana of Olmara and Damodar Bhanja dislodged the British troops and recovered his territories encroached upon. Thereafter he applied to the Govornor at Fort William and his complaints were redressed. After that he maintained a good relationship with the British.

As regards his private life, he had six wives but all his sons had predeceased him. So that he had to adopt Trivikrama Bhanja, brother of Janārdana Bhanja, the ruler of Keonjhar. But at the time of his death Trivikrama was not by his death-bed. And his queen Sumitrā Devi disregarded the claim of the adopted son and declared herself as the ruler on the ground that according to customery practice, Trivikrama had not received the *tikkā* (the sacred anointation) from the Gossains of Gopiballavpur at Nayovasan (Midnapore)—the hereditary preceptors of the Bhanja family.

Such are the few available details of the life of our poet which have not much relevance to his career as a poet.

All other relevant matters have been set out in Chapter VII which may help to an understanding of the text and its illustrations. As the size of the palm-

leaf Ms. is not more than 11 inches by 1·6 inches, the illustrative Drawings are very small and their beauty and quality are not always accessible in the reproductions here presented on a Photogravure Plate and on original photographs. Some enlarged drawings have therefore been added which will help to an appreciation of their qualities.

THE METRE—

According to Dr. M. Mansinha, a talented poet and scholar—"The Oriya metre *Chokhi* is complex in nature as it consists of six lines, divided into two parts—a quartrain and a couplet, the 2nd and 4th, and 5th and 6th rhyming with each other. The first and third lines consist of sixteen letters each divided again into two rhyming halves of eight letters each, the second, the fourth and the sixth line consists of 13 and the fifth of 9 letters. Generally poems witten in these classical metres are sung and while singing the accents fall on the appropriate words. As old Oriya metres were mainly based on the numbers of letters, the units being either two or three, these are generally represented in numericals." This Rāga in numerical representation will be as follows :—

6+2, 6+2 | 6+2, 3+2 | 6+2, 6+2 | 6+2, 3+2 | 6+3 | 6+2, 3+2.

INTRODUCTION

By Lt. Col. C. M. ACHARYA, M.A., LL.B.,
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I feel honoured by the request of the famous scholar and Professor Sri O. C. Gangoly to write a foreword to his publication on the appreciation of the artistic beauty of an Oriya poem 'Dasa poi' by Damodar Bhanj *alias* Yuba Bhanj. I am glad to find that he entertains the same view as I have done during the last 40 years that the Oriya language and literature should be within the easy reach of readers outside Orissa. Much of the mis-understanding between Oriyas and Bengalees, who came to Orissa during the early days of the British rule arose due to ignorance of the language and literature of Orissa. Sir W. W. Hunter, the famous British historian appended a list of about 300 Oriya authors and a list of their works to his monumental work 'History of Orissa'. Inspite of mistakes, here and there, it is a useful collection to guide further research. Glory to the sacred memory of late Sir Ashutosh Mukherjee who was responsible for the creation of a chair in the Calcutta University under the patronage of Sir Birmitroday Singh Deo, a former Ruler at the Sonepur Raj, for propagation of Oriya literature and for publication of the three volumes of the Typical Selections with that object !

To enable the compilation of a complete history of Oriya literature materials have not yet been fully collected. In Orissa until 50 years ago, writing on palm-leaves with an iron stylo was in vogue. Palm-leaf manuscripts formed the best collections in the home libraries of aristrocratic Oriya families and of rural reading clubs known as Bhāgabat Tungies. At one time rural life in Orissa was considerably influenced by religious scriptures and Pauranic literature, like the Śrîmad Bhāgabata by Jagannāth Das, Mahābhārat by Sarala Das and Rāmāyan by Balaram Das, Haribamsa by Achyutānanda Das and other similar works which used to be recited every evening in the assembly of agriculturists, artisans and laboures of the village after the day's toil. The assembly used to

discuss highly philosophical and knotty problems on the transitoriness of human life and the duties of man to himself, to his society and to God.

In such an atmosphere, in the early part of the sixteenth century A. D., Lord Chaitanya visited Orissa and received full co-operation of Raja Pratap-rudra Dev and his Minister Rai Ramananda, the well-known poet, dramatist and exponent of the philosophy of Gopies' love for Śrîkrişņa and of the five companions known as Panchasakhā—Jaganath Das, Balaram Das, Achyutananda Das, Ananta Das and Yasobanta Das, each of whom was the author of a number of Pauranic, theological and philosophical literature in colloquial Oriya verses for the illiterate masses.

The seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries are notable for the most important Kāvyas written by eminent poets like Deena Krishna, Upendra Bhanj, Kavi Surya Abhimanyu Samanta Singhar and others. The Bhanja dynasty in Mayurbhanj, Keonjhar, Ghumsar and Kanika produced great poets and were great patrons of Oriya literature. The name of Upendra Bhanja is a house-hold word in Orissa; he was the author of hundreds of books, each excelling the other in its poetic excellence. His works Baidehîsa Vilās, Subhadrā Pariņaya, Kalā Kautuka, in addition to their poetic merit, have their peculiar features : in Baidehîsa Vilās the author uses the alphabet 'BA' (ব) as the first letter in each line ; so also the alphabet 'SA' (স) in Subhadrā Parinaya. In Kalā Kautuka, the first and the last letter used in each line is 'KA' (ক). He is the author of a work known as 'Chitra Kāvya Bandhodaya'. It may be compared with the Cross Word Puzzles of the modern time ; the author has given sixtyfour varieties of them, placing a few alphabets in each of them, which make out a small poem full of meaning.

Abhimanyu was not only a successful follower of the school of Upendra Bhanja, but made considerable improvements in simplicity of style, depth of information and excellence of ideas.

In Oriya literature lyric poems such as Koili, Chaupadi, Chautisa and Poi present a peculiar feature. In the Keşab Koili by Markand Das, Yaśoda tells her lamentable story of separation from Śrîkrişņa when he left for Mathura.

In the Bāramāsi Koili, Sankar Das gives a description of all the twelve months for the year and describes Kouśalayā's grief after Rama's exile. In the Kānta Koili by Balaram Das, Sîta describes her predicament after her separation from Rāma and during her confinement in the Aśoka Forest. Highly philosophical discourses are the subject-matters of the Jnānoday Koili by Lokanath Das and Arth Koili by Jagannath Das. In each of the above lyrics, the thirty-four consonants of the Oriya alphabets form the first letter of each of the couplets. In the Chautisas the same process of using each of the 34 consonants in each couplet has been followed.

Most of the Oriya poets have used varieties of meters (Chhānda), tune or secondary tunes (Rāga or Rāginî) according as they are appropriate to the season, occasion, or the subject-matter, particularly Deenkrishna Das and Upendra Bhanja and poets of their School have exhibited marvellous artistic skill in their works.

In Oriya literature there are many Poies, such as Chha Poi, Na Poi, Daśa Poi, Chauda Poi and Sola Poi, composed in imitation of Panchaslokî, Sat-slokî and Aṣṭa Slokî in Sanskrit. Poi is a synonym of the Sanskrit word 'Padî'. Dwaraka Das, Kantha Das, Nityananda Das, Damodar Bhanja and Upendra Bhanja were authors of different Poies.

Damodar Bhanj *alias* Yuba Bhanj, author of Daśa Poi, was born in one of the Bhanja families of Orissa though it is difficult to say to which family he belonged. Late Professor Bijoy Chandra Mazumdar of the Calcutta University, wrongly attributed the authorship of the Daśa Poi to Upendra Bhanja, though the author describes himself as Yuba Bhanja in all the chapters except the fourth one, where he discloses his real name as Damodar Bhanja. The Daśa Poi consists of ten chapters.

In the Daśa Poi, Damodar Bhanj describes the eagerness of Rādhā and Śrîkriṣṇa to meet each other and their feelings in different seasons of the year.

The entire poem consists of ten chapters (Chhāndas), and each Chhānda has two parts,—an introductory part and the part known as Poi; each Poi consists

of ten couplets. The first Chhānda begins with a beautiful description of the Spring, and ends with the Poi describing Rādhās' condition in Brindāban at the time. Similarly the rest of the Chhāndas has been composed with analogous artistic presentation. I sincerely congratulate Prof. Gangoly on his presenting this poem to non-Orissan readers and hope it will interest those for whom it is intended.

CHINTAMONI ACHARYA

ANALYSIS OF THE POEM

Divided into Ten Chapters or Idylls (*chhāndas*)—the poem describes in the form of a lyrical drama—the Love of Rādhā and Kriṣṇa—the perennial theme of Vaiṣṇava Literature—beginning with the text of the Bhāgavata (7th century)—the Bible of the Vaiṣṇavas. Though the subject-matter has become well-worn by continuous treatment by hundreds of writers and poets—the author has treated the subject with a freshness and a new charm—by giving it a dramatic setting—and by weaving the theme—in intimate relation to an exquisite description of scenes of nature—visualizing the groves and arbours of Vrindāvan—the traditional venue of the *amours* of Rādhā and Kriṣṇa. It is the luscious painting of the arboreal beauty of the woodland landscape—with its variety of trees, creepers, and blossoms—which presents a somewhat hackneyed theme—with a novel beauty,—with a new halo—and helps the elements of the love-story—to shine out in radiant grandeur. In spite of the intense lyrical language employed to depict the theme—the basic point of view—is the simple view point of unsophisticated folks and peasants. The various incidents and anecdotes—through which the story of love proceeds—meandering its way across many obstacles and difficulties like the impetous current of a hill-stream—are the homely domestic happenings—in the life of village folks, the simple life of cowherd damsels of the Cattle ranch of Vraja—belonging to Nanda—the foster-father of Kriṣṇa—within the domain of the tyrant king Kamsa.

The First Idyll, (*chhānda*), describes in ten verses—the advent of the New Springtime—full of intense flavours—apparent in the shrill shouts of the cuckoo, —the bewitching Malaya breeze,—and the shooting tendrils of the Woodland—and the riot of Colours—of the blossoming trees—woven into manifold harmonies —by the *sunāri, nāgeśwara, palāśa, campā, mādhavī, sevāti, nava-mallikā, aśoka, ketakī,* and a host of other flowers. The atmosphere is favourable to Cupid—who flings his mischievous darts—at the travelling men away from home and their

beloved, and even exciting the hearts of hermits—(to pine for young damsels), for as 'the young King Bhanja says—the pool with lotuses in bloom resembles the beauty of loving dames.'

The Second Idyll, begins by describing the radiant beauty of the heroine—Rādhikā,—the new damsel sweeter than honey—with ruby lips, with teeth like kunda-blossoms, and rows of pearls—and with thighs like the plantain tree,—as She sat up at the end of the new moonlit night—responding to the call of Nature—radiant in her beauty. Sitting up, She was fired with the desire to worship Cupid and she ran to gather blossoms fit for the ritual,—She ran all alone—decorating the piece of woodland with a new grandeur. She then ventures into the grove of Vrindā (her best comrade and messenger of love) where she finds the branches of the beautiful *campā* and *punnāga* touching each other—the very picture of Wedlock between Man and Woman—the Bee humming on the *Mallikā* blossom—sounded like the conch, the sacred music of marriage,—the cuckoo, like the priest, chanted the *mantras*, and the dropping *ganga-seudi* blossoms beautifully furnished the bridal-bed. By the exquisite beauty of their smiles—the half-open buds of flowers—are they not captivating the world ? The *malli* creeper on the tiny tree, mad with passion—looks like a lover—in a sexual act—in reverse. The new Bride—dressed in silk robe, struck with passion—comes forward to see if her beloved has returned. And where if one sees the Tamāla tree, shooting off its branches—like the peacock's feathers, even an eunuch will be moved to dance. Says young King Bhanja that this well with nine kinds of flavours—cannot even be met with in the Heavens.

The Third Idyll—introduces Kriṣṇa, the Hero,—a Blue gem, a veritable Indra among a bevy of youths.—As he was romping in the grove—his eyes fell on Rādhā—the Indrānî, the Queen of Beauties, and he thanked the God of Fate for this happy luck, and approached her—like unto a slave approaching his master, and in soft submissive words—he began his wooing. "You are a wonder among the tendrils of imaginative passion and in your hearts—you bear fruits of kind-

ness. Look! Cupid is looking for his bows, strings and arrows—and piercing my heart cruelly—so I am begging the armour of you, my Comrade, cover me up by your arms." Rādhā shook with rage like a serpent beaten by a stuff and she said "Are you mad, anxious to steal the wedded wife of your uncle? Go away! I do not wish to incur sin by looking at your face!" "Do you not know Kaṃsa—so bold are you?" Young King Bhanja says with a smile.

The Fourth Idyll—continues the ardent pleadings of Krisṇa: "O! Young damsel you are a doll made of butter.—My body burns with the fire of separation—but you do not melt", so saying Krisṇa held the feet of Rādhā on his head. As fate would have it, at this very moment, entered in slow steps,—Yaśodā, the wife of Nanda—in search for his son—and flew into a rage—in finding his pet at the feet of Rādhā whom she abused. Krisṇa faded away, leaving Rādhā to save the situation. Rādhā touched Yośodā's feet and saluted her, and made up a clever story to assuage Yaśodā. "O Lady! I had threatened to report to you and make you whip Krisṇa—as he was romping up a high tree, at this he became very humble and held my feet entreating me not to speak to mother." After this satisfying explanation, Rādhā slowly stepped away—tying at the end of her *sāri*—the heart of Krisṇa.

The Fifth Idyll, begins by describing the desolate state of both the love-sick heroine and the hero. The dust of Mandāra flowers fell on the body of Rādhā—like drops of fire and she thought Cupid has set the whole world to fire. To kill her, Cupid had closed all paths—and she felt like an antelope covered by net. The condition of Krisṇa was equally pathetic. Lying on new leaves, with eyes full of tears, he contemplated the form of Rādhikā—and making a rosary of lotus buds, he held in his hand—and prayed—repeating her name continuously. He dreamt Rādhā had come—and her arms were going round his neck, like the wreathes of serpent and her robes had dropped down in fear. Thinking all this—he rose fancying Rādhā has come—but his sense returned and all appeared as false illusion. Young King Bhanja says—again and again—the pain of separation became acute.

The Sixth Idyll, describes the visit of the Dūtī Lalitā—the Messenger of Love—who was much pained to see the heat of Cupid playing on the leaves of Krisṇa's body, the pearl-strings torn, and his beautiful complexion—like the blossoms of fine *tamāla* had faded. "Do you not know—why I am in this miserable plight ?"—so saying he held the arms of the Messenger—in despair and prayed—"Go ! Explain to her—and ask her—'Does she who captivates one—inflict on him dire punishments ?' Tell her—I shall serve as a gardener for wreathing flowers, serve as attendant for her coiffure, and make the face of Cupid black. I will cleanse her beautiful feet and colour with lac-dye, and myself serve better than a barber. My lost life—you will preserve O ! Messenger ! What skill and glory has the Creator given you." Hearing this the Messenger said : 'Forsake all fear and come in my company. You will stand behind the wall and come out when I call you.'

The Seventh Idyll, describes how the Messenger interviews Rādhikā—and pleads the cause of Krisṇa. Keeping Krisṇa behind the wall, the Messenger went inside the pavilion of Rādhā for an exclusive interview. She sat after welcome, and she put the spot on Rādhā's head, and talked and laughed in all manner of sweetness. 'I have heard this strange story that the cloud has not satisfied the thirst of the cātaka-bird, O ! you with new youth, and with lips like Bimba fruit—this creation will cease to exist—if you fix your eyes on great *Yogic* exercises.' Hearing this Rādhikā flew into a rage—and said : 'How dare you say this by your lips ? In your company I have heard this—but these words do not decorate my ears.' Immersed in the beauty of Rādhā, Krisṇa gave up fears and came forward and held her hand. 'What curse is this' she said in anger and pushed him back and he fell on her hands and feet.—Removing the dust of her feet,—he smeared his body and said 'How cool I feel ! Whose feet-dust is so cool, far cooler must be her embrace'. The Young Prince reports that the Young damsel said : "You will quickly drown the honour of the House of Nanda."

The Eighth Idyll—continues the interview—in which the Messenger resumes her pleadings : 'O Blessed one ! You preserve this glory in the world,

that you have enchanted one who has enchanted the world'. Rādhā retorted 'Do not listen to the evil message of Krisṇa, fly quickly, without accepting defeat from a pigmy person.' At this time—put in appearence—Jaṭilā (crooked in thought, Rādhā's mother-in-law) and Krisṇa—vanished from the scene – and the old dame asked—'who is that flew away, now ?' 'It must be the cat, captivated by the fragrance of milk,—which took to its heel—observing human beings.' The damsel Rādhā by cunning words assuaged the mother-in-law and turned to domestic duties. And the Messenger was encouraged to continue her pleadings : "What shall I do for Krisṇa—tell me forsooth." Rādhikā, being still averse—said—"Go away quickly, if not, I shall reveal the plot !" The messenger said : "O Lady ! you have cast away a valuable gem carelessely like a *gunjā* fruit, you will surely regret this hereafter." So saying, with passion, she did up her hair and robes—and said "Let us go. From their birth they have learnt only to sell curds, how much wiser can she be than prizing gold as worthless glass !" The Messenger took leave and went away to her home, Krisṇa tarried in the grove of Vrindā. King Bhanja reports : Krisṇa finished the worship of Cupid by praying with joint palms.

The Ninth Idyll—reports the Prayer of Krisṇa at the Shrine of Cupid, "O Flower-Arrow, Listen ! Fulfil my wish, Śiva is hidden in the cover of Rādhā's busts. You defeated Śiva, Rādhā defeated me. By accident, we both of us have lost our greatness. "Pleased with Krisṇa's prayers—Cupid ran to find loopholes of Rādhā, and assured Krisṇa : "The Daughter of Brisabhānu, struck and agitated by the music of your flute, is going to become yours."

Entering the house of Rādhā—Cupid, the friend of Krisṇa (madana-mohana), flunghis Five Arrows. The wind of Lotus-arrow—by using the Fire of Separation stayed to burn the lotus-damsel (*Padmini*). The blue Lotus like unto Death entered into the voice of the black cuckoo. Leaving its own form the Aśoka flower bestowed misery by mingling with the group of moon-beams. To attack her patience, the Cupid struck with the arrow of his mango-blossom and, mistaking the twang of Cupid's bow—in the humming of the bees she was again and

again taken aback. Mistaking her pearl-string as serpent she cast it away. Finding no salvation on this earth except Krisṇa she immersed her vow of chastity and burning her sense of modesty—she meekly went to appeal to the Messenger for help. As she walked, she thought, 'how could I face my Messenger—what foolish things I had done.—If she sticks to those words, my woes will not end.' The young King Bhanja reports 'the Casket of Beauty reached the place where was the Messenger (*dūtī*).

The Tenth Idyll—records the appeal of Rādhā to her Messenger, Rādhā said : 'Comrade ! Listen—your life and mine is one—if I die and leave the body what good will come to you. Throw away my faults and call Krisṇa to this spot. Cupid has done the mischief, do not dishonour my request.' The Messenger ran to Vrindāvana and called out to Krisṇa : "Hari ! Bid adieu to your sorrows. The wind has submitted to the noose. Come, she cannot brook delay, and exhorted Krisṇa to come with a clean heart. Rādhā—on seeing Krisṇa came forward like a partridge when it faces the moon. Encircled by the arms of Krisṇa, the Lady shone as a beauty. Is it the moon getting inside the Cloud ? On seeing this the Messenger retired and the youthful lover and the damsel on the sofa performed the Beautiful Act. Of the two partners—the Honey of new tendril—Venus (Rādhā) was the better Teacher of Love-Passion. The two connoisseurs of Love wrote commentaries on the canons of Erotics and all other feelings in their hearts took leave. 'Thinking that the Erotic game has been played out, the cock cried out—'The night is out—run away you Thief of Lover'. Young King Bhanja reports—the Holder of the Flute—grasping Rādhā's neck—said sweet fare-well.

(END OF THE TENTH IDYLL)

Two Additional Verses—record the parting words of Rādhā and Krisṇa. Rādhā said : 'The sun is rising, I am afraid of my mother-in-law and the sister-in-law—I go now !' So saying she gave the parting kiss.

CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

Such is a short summary of an exquisite love-lyric composed by Prince Damodar Bhanja ("Yuva Bhanja") which all lovers of lyrics will admire in the Text and its bald translation, here, presented with many unavoidable imperfections. It is difficult to relate this poem in Ten dramatic Idylls—to other poems in Vaiṣṇava Literature—whether in Orissa or elsewhere. It is not influenced by Jayadeva's *Gita-Govinda,*—so popular in all parts of Orissa. It has some distant analogy to *Pīyūṣa-Laharī,* an one-act drama in Sanskrit attributed to Jayadeva, and said to have been composed in Orissa. The analogy is very far-fetched—as our poem is a Ten-act Drama—independently presenting the *amours* of Rādhā and Kriṣṇa in a new and original setting,—inter-weaving the motif—with exquisite descriptions of nature-scenes—with brilliant cameos of flowering-plants and blossoms of great visual charm and beauty—which the anonymous illustrator has interpreted with great accuracy, sincerity, and sympathy. The poem has an obvious appeal to the simple-minded village folks of Orissâ. But the fact that an Edition-de-Luxe was prepared for a rich patron—proves that the Text was also read with appreciation by members of the higher class in society and prized as an exquisite piece of literature.

While there is no exact parallel to this lyric—in Indian poems—a very curious but valid analogy may be found for it in an anonymous Latin love-lyric. The Eve of St. Venus *(Pervigilium Veneris),* one in a collection of short Latin poems of the post-classical period, made in the 4th century, under the title *Anthologia Latina.* The description of Spring in this early Latin lyric dedicated to Venus has obvious analogy to the nature-pieces pictured in the First Idyll of the Dasa Poi. And we venture to cite here some verses from the Latin poem as translated by J. W. Mackail (Loeb Classics, Heinemann, 1912)

(1) Tomorrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover
tomorrow shall be love. Spring is young, spring now is singing,

Spring is the old reborn. In spring the love makes accord,
in spring the birds mate,
And the woodland loosens her tresses under nuptial showers.

(2). Tomorrow the marriage-maker of loves amid shadows of trees weaves her verdurous bowers of myrtle-spray ; tomorrow she leads her bands on festival in the singing forests : tomorrow Dione declares her laws high enthroned aloft.

(3) Tomorrow will be the day when the primal ether joined in wedlock : then from the moisture overhead and the orbed sea-foam, amid green multitudes and finned horses, sprang Dione wave-born under nuptial showers.

(4) She herself paints the crimsoning year with flowery jewels ; Herself coaxes swelling buds into warm clusters under the Wind's breath ; herself sprinkles dripping wetness of the glittering dew that the night-air leaves as it passes.

(5) Lo, the petalled crimsons have unveiled their blush, and a flame of roses breaks from the warm clusters : the Goddess herself has bidden the roses loosen the raiment from their maiden buds, to be naked virgin brides in the fresh daybreak.

The colourful description of Spring in the Dasa Poi, its poetical merit—and the bewitching beauty of phrasing and melody—have obvious analogies in the language, versification, and a delicate feeling for Nature—in the early Latin poem ; the picture of the Goddess delineated in the verses cited above will easily remind one of the picture of Rādhā as she sat up in her grove—at the end of the moon-lit night—decorating by her glorious beauty the piece of the surrounding woodland (mandilā mahî-maṇḍani vana avanî) (Second Idyll, verse 2).





TEXT

DASA POI

PRATHAMA CHĀNDA

Chāru vasanta samaya ati rasamaya praveśa āveśa citta tanhi
Kuhu-Kuhu kari pike dākile utsuke kāma kuhu ghoḍaivā pāin ॥1॥

Vahe malaya pavana pallavile vana dahe videśinki viṣa-guṇe
Cūta-mukula dhailā kāma darāilā vindhi pakāivi ehi vāṇe ॥2॥

Gandhe bhrunga rasāilā viṣe-viṣailā parāye citte parate hoi
Yogi-nikara darile ucce uccārile Rāma-nāmare ākāra dei ॥3॥

Delā phuṭāi sûnārî nali kare dhari nāgeśvara kaḍhi gulikivā
Uḍi ranjaka parāga paḍivāru anga 'Isi' volli camakile yuvā ॥4॥

Hata palāśa palāśa hoi puṣpa-veśa ananga anala prāye diśe
Ekākī nara ullāsa karivāre dhvaṃsa ali-paṃkti dhūmāvalî kise ॥5॥

Campā mādhavî sevatî hele puṣpa-vatî jāṇi bhramare unmatte rasi
Phunke veri dhari kise ekāle pravāse ye rahilā sehu galā bhāṣi ॥6॥

Śuni keñu kāmivara hoi taratara gharaku yivāku kalā mana
Pathun āsunke vicāre sakhāku pacāre parāṇa parā kariva māna ॥7॥

Kehu vale Śiva Śiva ete kara Jîva-vandhu jîvā yāe jive thāu
Mora gheni nivedanā viraha-vedanā kuca apasare āu jāu ॥8॥

Nava-mālikā aśoka dekhi kari śoka keñu virahiṇî hruda malli
Nisvāsaku pakāilā pheḍi na kahilā sakhiki cānhi vailā 'mali' ॥9॥

Vāyu pathika pātaki pāncile ketakî yama dāḍhe āmbhe paḍilāin
Kahe nrupa Yuva Bhanja vikasita kanja sarasi rasikā śobhā cānhin ॥10॥


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DVĪTIYA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Kunda-koraka-hīraka mukutā-panti karakȧ hrudaya-naṭa nāyaka saru radanā
Sindūra mandāra vāla aruṇa-vimva pravāla māṇikya vadhulī-phula rada-chadanā
Nava-vadhū madhurādhikā | ādarasa sārasa-vadanī Rādhikā ||1||

Se surata sura-taru taruṇī ratna rambhoru caturddaśīra prāntaru uṭhi vasilā
Pujivā pāin sumana śaraku vegegamana tolivā pāin sumana mana rasila
Sanga se na kari sajanī | mandilā mahī-manḍanī vana avanī ||2||

POI

Kāma-vādhā uddīpana dekhi Vrindāvana Rādhā śaradhā valilā ati
Campā punnāga manjula lāgi ḍāle ḍāla nārī-puṃsa vibhā heuchanti ||1||

Mallikaḍhe ṣaṭapada kare śankha-nāda vākya uccāre kokila dwija
Ganga-seulī kusuma jhaḍi monorama sejāi madhu-śayyāku śeya ||2||

Jhali suvarṇṇara kānti sunārī acchanti lobha vaśaru madhupa jhāmpe
Manda marute calita parate emante mate chuñ nā chuñ nā voli kampe ||3||

Kāhin mādhavīra lata vakule śobhitā paravāsī ādimike pari
Sanci makaranda chale nuā sneha vale kānta dhari-chiki kolakari ||4||

Śobhā rasāla viṭapa gaṇikā samīpa dhana sāranā karivā vaśe
Dara vikāśa kusuma vyājare suṣama manda hāsare mohuchi ki se ||5||

Gulma pare malli-latā kāme hoi mattā kāntā kivā viparīta bhaje
Tahin kapota niḥsvana "hūn hūn" śavda ghana jhinkāri nāda kinkini vāje ||6||

Nāga-keśara pātaka jātira chaṭaka pāse puṣpita palāśa torā
Navavadhu pindhi pāṭe madana uccāṭe vallabha morā āsuchi parā ||7||

Phule luci churi-anā viyogi anganā prāya angare pulaka dhare
Mana manāyivā pānci vinayare raci āge milichi bhramara jāre ॥8॥

Hoi atanu phūlāi ṭeka dhanu pāi niyālī kalikā jhali kānda
Citte e sarpa prakaṭi ebe jîva phuṭi hiyā hoile pathara piṇḍa ॥9॥

Jahin dekhina tāpicha ṭeki kekî-puccha napuṃsaka hele matte nāce
Kahe Yuva Bhanja Bhūpa navarasa kūpa sama nāhi svarga tala mance ॥10॥

TRITĪYA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Nîlamaṇi indîvara ghana tamāla sundara yuvā-vrunda purandara naṭa-nāgara
Kanaka padma keśara kumkuma kānti amara nāgarî citta caura rasa-sāgara
Khelu thile nikunja-vana | sundarî purandarî-re netra-paṭana ॥1॥

Bhāvile eta vijuli mahî re karayi keli kusumita latāvali kikāla vaśe
Kivā mo pūrva sukruta thula hoi rūpavanta dhātā ānila ekānta vipina-deśe
Pāyita ye yāhā icchayi | vinîta nohiva kipā ekāla cānhi ॥2॥

POI

Ete bhāli Vanamālî Rādhā pāśe mili prabhu chāmure sevaka pari
Mrudu vinaya vacana karanti racana vāla kahun mu ye anusari ॥1॥

Tu ye kāma-kalpa-latā madhyare vicitrā hrude to karuṇā phala phali
Mote prāpata karāa kāmanā purāa kaṭākṣe amruta ḍhāli ḍhāli ॥2॥

Hevi sangîta-pravîṇā bhāṣi tora kiṇā ehi avadhāna kara kara
Tora āsya auṣadhi îśvara sannidhi ātura vyādhiki hara hara ॥3॥

Ranga rājîva caraṇa tale to śaraṇa paśili kahuchi vāra vāra
Āre hematanu vālā dei jānu bhelā kara tāpa akupāra pāra ॥4॥

Māra dhanuśara guṇa khoji marmma-sthāna vindhi pakāuchi dekha dekha
Ete māguchi sahîki kavaca tahinki to bāhu veḍhāi rakha ॥5॥

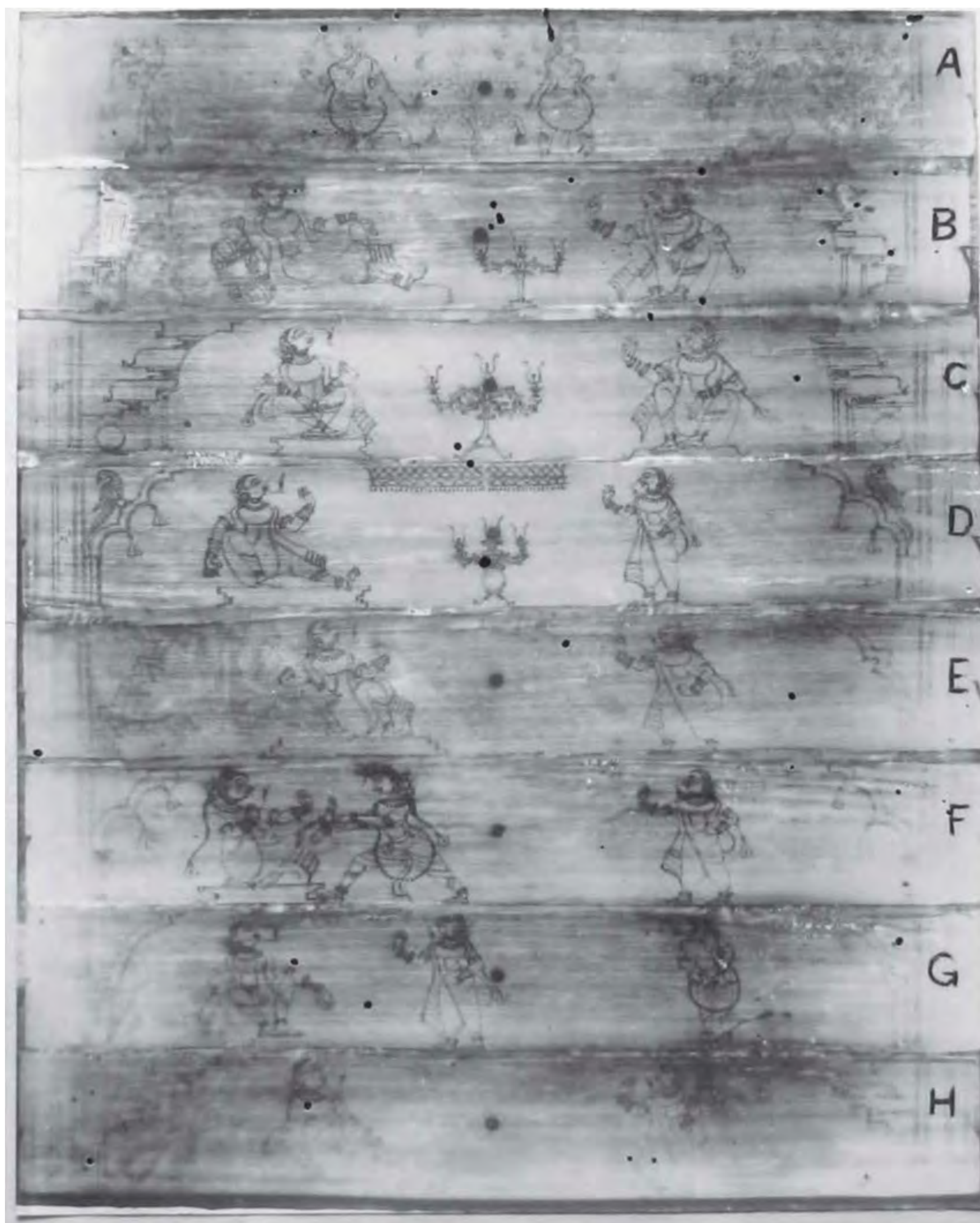
Tote rakhili rakhili e dandaru voli kathā pade mote kaha kaha
Vali udare śaraṇa eḍe dānî-paṇa ete ke krupaṇa nu ha nu ha ॥6॥

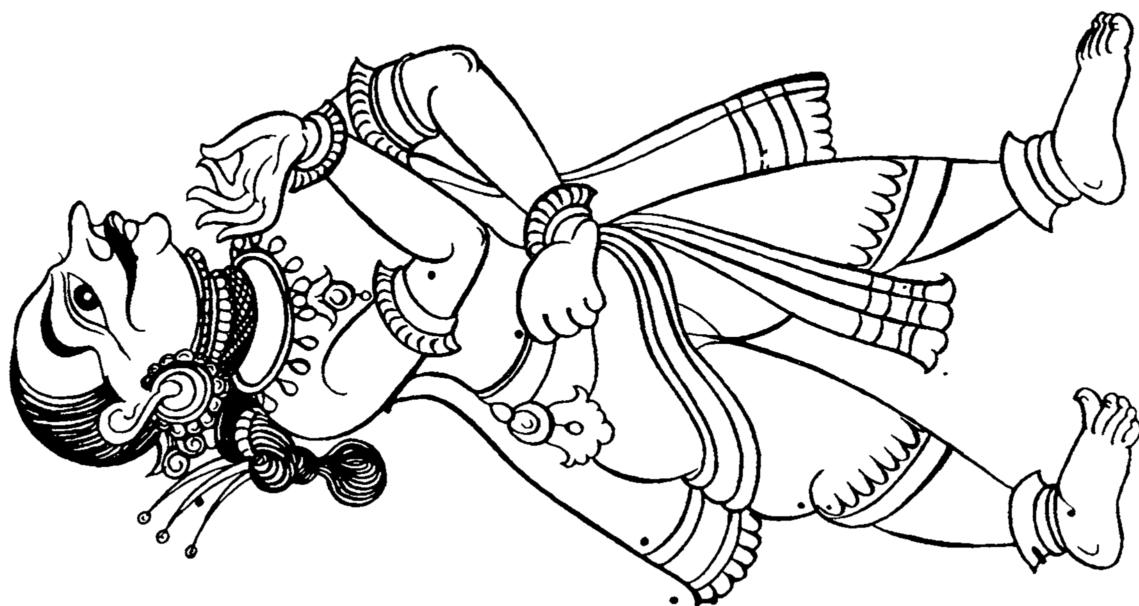
Ṭuṭu saṃśaya andhāra cāṭu ghena mora mukha śaśadhara tola tola
Ehā kemante sahichu maune rahichu tu āge kokila kala kala ॥7॥

Yaṣṭi prahāre uraga kare yem̐u ranga serūpe kopare thara thara
Vole Rādhikā vātula heluki mātula-nāri harivāre tara tara ॥8॥

Ṣaṇḍā Vatsāku vināśi achu tu bharaṣi pātakare bhaya nāhin nāhin
Yā yā ! na raha mopāśa na ghatu kaluṣa tora vadanaku cānhi cānhi ॥9॥

Yāku dūṣaṇa uttara bhūṣaṇa prakāra jāṇa yāhā mukhe nāhi lajjā
Cinhi nāhun ki Kaṃsaku eḍe sāhasaku rase kahe yuva Bhanja Rājā ॥10॥


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CATURTHA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Hari volontire vālā tuta lavaṇî pitulā candanu sitala vāṇī karpūra-hāsa
Kāhire dhātā gaḍhilā hrudaya jaṇā na galā uraja tora labhai giri-sadruśa
Se pāṣāṇa bolanti bhāvi | purāṇe suṇichi sehi prîtire dravi ॥1॥

Virahi kare dahana sahaje candra-vadana tanhi ki mo thāre vāṣa hāsa esana
Mo tanu virahānala teje tu nahu tarala kārunya jalare kivā helu nimagna
Yeve more nirāśa helu | candra śaśā prāye puṃsa-hatyā pāilu ॥2॥

POI

Ete voli Deva Hari Rādhā pāda dhari śira lagāivā vele tanhin
Nei na pārise pāda labhahi viṣāda chāḍa voli dau-diga cānhin ॥1॥

Mandagati Nanda-nārî se vane vihari Kruṣṇanku khoje emanta vele
Dekha daivara gati dekhilā śrîpati patana Rādhā payara tale ॥2॥

Ucce dākilā vahana arji-luki dhana e baḍāi tora ki kāraṇe
Mora hrudaya-candana na ṭeku vahana kipān se paḍile to caraṇe ॥3॥

Śuṇi mātāṅka uttara Śrî Kruṣṇa kātara tara tara hoi pakāile
Bhoki bhunjivā annare dhūli pavanare nare paḍilā prāye vikala hele ॥4॥

Rādhā atihin taraste chuṅyin venî-haste Yaśodā caraṇe olagilā
Bhalā bhalā se caturî vacana cāturî racanāre mana prabodhilā ॥5॥

"Devi ! Tumbhara kumara ucca vrukṣa-para uṭhi deun thile punaḥ punaḥ
"Dekhi mātānku kahivi chānṭa marāivi boli kali mu ye tarajana ॥6॥

"Śunî vinayî hailā mo pāda dhailā na kahi vu boli jananîki
"Tumbhe hoi sāvadhāna vicārata mana ethi ki mohara doṣa niki" ॥7॥

Ete kathā paraspare calile mandare Rādhā sumana toliṇa galā
Dei viraha kātare ṣādḥî panantare Śrîkruṣṇa manaku vāndhi nelā ॥8॥

Ratna jhaṭaka pari sundara śarîra śobhā nayanaru na chāḍilā
Kāma rumeka viśikhe vindhi vāku sukhe śāṇa dei kari sajāḍilā ॥9॥

Ange kusuma patana kuliśa-samāna ghaḍa ghaḍi sama pika raḍi
Yuva Bhanja Nareśvara vole Dāmodara dekhu dekhu tanu galā saḍhi ॥10॥

PANCHAMA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Manjula manjula tanu amala kiṃśuka cāru dālimva vadhūka-dūru dekhi ucchanna
Paḍi mandāra parāga janama ange sphulinga bhālile hoi Ananga jalilā vana
Tanhi ki e manda maruta | mo angaku lāgu achi eḍe tapata ॥1॥

Jale padma nîlotpala sthalare cūta-mukula navîna mālikā kula cānhi kātara
Mo mārane Manamatha jogilā sakala patha jāla veṣṭita kurangî heli ethara
Sabu dige agni dekhāi | jhāli ghantā cāle niśi-ākanṭha sehi ॥2॥

POI

Nava pallava sayane sajala nayane dhyāna kari rasavatî rūpa
Kari mrinālare-māla dhari savu kāla Rādhā Rādhā voli kale japa ॥1॥

Mane karanti āsantā e seje vasantā hasantā bhāṣantā mrudu vāṇî
Animādi sukha sakhi koṭiguṇe lekhi diyantā ye pāna (v. r. pāda) tale āni ॥2॥

Muhi soyi śuyāile tānku uru-sthale vandhu disantā emanta parā
Nîla kaṣati-pāṣāṇe suvarṇa rasāne yemanta hoi rahai girā ॥3॥

Ehi samaye jhinkāri vrukṣe nāda kari jhunṭiyā śubhilā vicārile
Pānci vijekalā sahi diyante anāyin payara pari pallava cale ॥4॥

Eve galā kāma-vyādhi sarva auṣadhi sancā Śrî-angare sincu thiva
Keśa śaivāla ghana kamala vadana hāsa ghana-sāra sinci deva ॥5॥

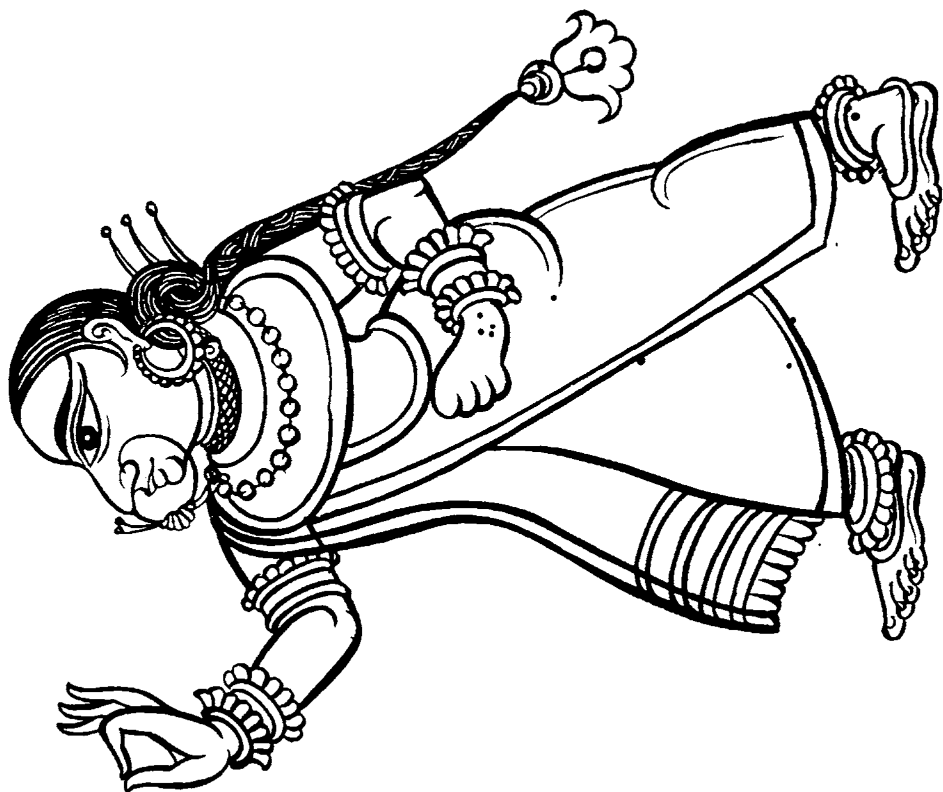
Danta dālimva su-sanca mātulanga kuca sakala aruci ghunci yiva
Bālā-rasa prayogare su anurāgare viraha rogaku munci deva ॥6॥

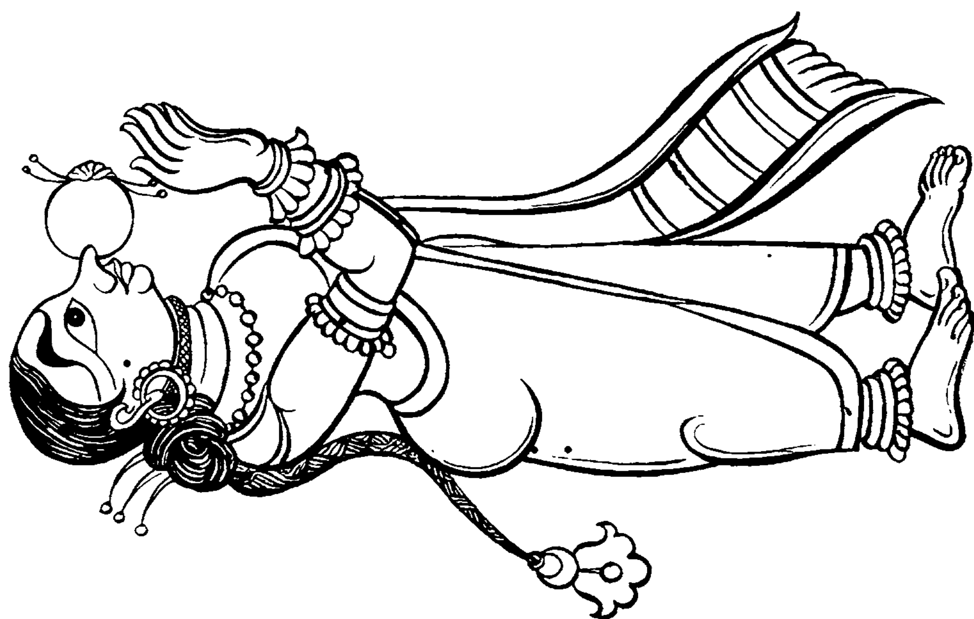
Nava śākara adhare prāṇa vandhu dhare se aśane citta jaḍāiva
Mrudu uttara antara kahivā mātara Ananga-bhūtaku chaḍāiva ॥7॥

Lave kale āja rati sāriva yuvatî-îśvara sampatti mote dei
Bhuja vedhāiva gale sarpa-mālā-chale vasana yivata dūra hoi ॥8॥

Ete citte bhāvi uṭhi āsante pāchoṭi jnāṇāveśe savu helā mithyā
Yuva Bhanja Mahîpāla vole velum vela adhika helā viraha vyāthā ॥9॥


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ṢAṢṬHA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Ekāle praveśa dūtî dekhi Śrî-Kruṣṇara rītī bhala atanu-tapati pallave lule
Phuṭi-ṭuti yāi motimāla su-tamāla-kānti śarada nîrada bhrānti daiva vale
Mane kalā Rādhā śaradhā | vinā ki labhithiva e viraha vādhā ||1||

Āśwasanā karipāśe vasi puchilā niviṣe ye vipatti Śrî-pati ki prāpata kehi
Sakhi mu jahinki duḥkhî na jānu avasthā dekhi Rādhā viparîta aśru nayanu vahi
Emanta Mādhava kahile | ārata hoi dûtikā kara dhai le ||2||

POI

Puni vale Venu-dhārî śuna sahacarî daraśanu netre kalā ghara
Bhalā kasturî citāru śikhilā ki bhîru nija sthāna nāśa karivāra ||1||

Tāku na pāyile jîva volu achi yiva etha ku karivi ki upāye
Se ye avedha kāminî vinaya na gheni peli paśile pakāi die ||2||

Jagan-mohana mantara achi tāhā ṭhāra yete moha mana mohivāra·
Yāin kahibu bujhâyi ye yāhāku mohi daṇḍa diya yi ki parakāra ||3||

Āśā na bhāngu Sundarî rakhu dāsa kari mana jāni sevā kari thivi
Phula gunthi-vāre māli keśa veśe ālî hoi Kāma mukhe kāli devi ||4||

Lekhi lalāṭe tilaka sakhi mu kālaka mukha ku darpaṇa dekhāivi
Kāma ratana vartana dele cumva-dāna duḥkhaku pachaku pakāivi ||5||

Cāru caraṇa mājivi alatā ranjivi nāpitî ṭhāru adhika muhi
Puni seja kari chāti devi prati rāti jîvite doṣa karivi nāhin ||6||

Mora lāgiva nātikā tāmbula vîṭikā bhāngi bhunjāivi yete vele
Mana sevāre manāyi kahivi vinayî hruda duḥkha yāka sehi kāle ||7||

Āśā.karichi ethaku labhivāku tāku mo thāre karuṇā citta achi
Yenu gupata pîrati vacana yuvatî prakaṭa tanhi nakalā kichi ॥8॥

Nārikelā phala pari vāhāre Sundarî karkaśa hrudaya mora tanhi
Galā jîvana rakhilā dūtikā ki kalā e kîrti tote deichi vihi ॥9॥

Śuni voilā Lalitā çhāḍa savu cintā moha sange tumve vije kara
Bhitti pache rahi-thiva mo dākile yiva kahe yuva Bhanga daṇḍa-dhara ॥10॥

SAPTAMA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Krusnaku rakhi antare dūti gamilā bhitare Rādhāku candanî pare bheti ekānte
Vasilā ādara pāi alake tilaka dei bhāṣilā hasilā hoi madhura yute
Śunili mun apūrva-vāṣā | jaladhara na harilā cātaka truṣā ||1||

Savitā kāntā volāyi keve nāhi vāhuḍāi bhramaraku padminî se kathā hailā
Nava vayasi vimboṣṭhî na rahiva parā-sruṣṭi mahāyogi yogare ta nayana delā
Thelā parā parama sneha | Rāmā vole na vujhili pheḍi tā kaha ||2||

POI

Dūtî volai Ramaṇi ! heva dhātā ruṇî ekathā vicitra maṇe muhin
Yehu yāhā nimittare muni veśa dhare pūrva janme Saryure dāhi ||1||

Se hi nîrasa padārtha kehi tora sata valilā paḍile pāda-tale
Dekhi kātara hrudaya sarasa hrudaya kisa hai thilā tete vele ||2||

Sakhi thāi kete dina dhana yauvana ete ta manaku na āṇilu
Sata pātre dāna dele kîrti savu kāle rahantā kipāñi huḍi galu ||3||

Ati sugandha suvarṇa ketakî kusuma phula vaḍa hoi kisa heva
Yeve rasika bhramara bhoga nāhi tāra guāñrî no hilā mane bhāva ||4||

Eke ta yuvā vayasa duje madhu-māsa sundarî bheṭa ekānta sthale
Tahin citta no tarali galā parā jali māri śara Hara netrānale ||5||

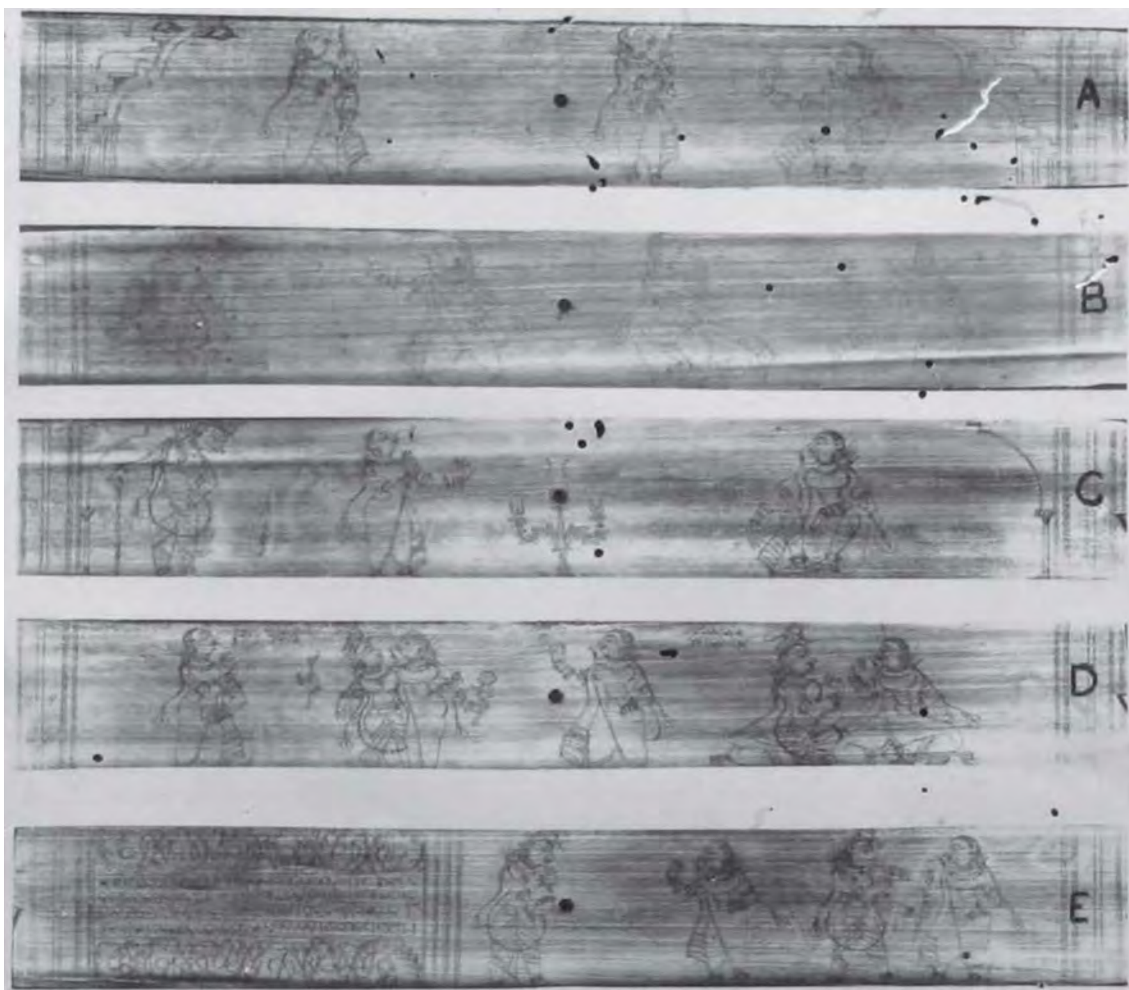
Hari dariki anange āsichi mo sange ājnā dele bheṭaivi cānḍe
Śuni kopilā hoilā Rādhikā voilā ki kari ehā bhāṣilu tunḍe ||6||

Yāra viṭapa prakruti yāo tāra kati yeve tā cintā lāgilā ṭote
Sakhi tora sanga guṇe śunili śravaṇe e kathā bhūṣaṇa no he mote ||7||

Rāmā śobhā jale buḍi manu bhaya chāḍi yāyin Śrî-dhara dhaile kara
Eki viḍamvanā voli krodhe delā peli paḍilā hasta payara para ||8||

Sehi pādu jhāḍi dhūli ange hoi boli voile lāgilā ki śîtala
Cāru camdana karpūra samaki ehāra kete śānti helā kāmānala ||9||

Yāhā pāda raja eḍe suśîtala keḍe hoi thiva anga bhiḍu kinā
Kahe Yuvā Narapati voilā yuvatî Nanda-ghara vuḍāivu sinā ||10||


A
B
C
D
E



AṢṬAMA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Dūtì kahe Bhagavatì jagate rakha e kìrti Jaga-mohanaku tu mohilu śobhāre
Ye valavanta agraṇì Indraku vibāde jiṇi tāhā darpa dalāilu kusuma-śare
Dekhi dayā na vase tora | Giridharaki durvala muralì-bhāra ||1||

Kāli-kiye Kālindìre dalile tāhāku vāre (v. r. ghāre) viraha garala jhāḍa tu smara-pade
Āu tora parā hoi karṇadhāra candra muhin dekhu dekhu bhāṣiva e santāpa nade
E pātaka heva kāhāra | śikhi nāhi plavana e Rāja-kumāra ||2||

POI

Manda vacana na śuna paḍāo vahana paṇḍa pānire prābhavì nahi
Buddhi viṣaya kuṭilā e kāle Jaṭilā sethāre praveśa helā yāi ||1||

Antarhita Yadu-pati pacāre jarati e kirìti kehu palailā
Niśce mārjjāra gorase vaśa hoi vāse āsun nara dekhi dūra helā ||2||

Chanda vacane cāturì śāśu vodha kari gruha kìratire delā citta
Dūtì pāi e bharasā hailā sudruśā ki karivi Kriṣṇa kaha sata ||3||

Rāmā pāi vairāga vole yā yā vega na gale sabu deviṭi kahi
Maṇi kāhā sire jali moha sanga bhali haivā ka mun ta dekhu nāhin ||4||

Dūtì vale Ramaṇì ki amulya-maṇiki gunja anādare delu phingi
Anubhava karu sinā kuṭila-nayanā pache yāhā hevu ehā lāgi ||5||

Ete voli sarāgare keśa vāsa paśare praveśa hoi vailā cāla
Janmu viki jāne dadhi kete tāra buddhi kalā kāncanaku kāca mūla ||6||

Kichi dina saha kheda venì nāve pāḍa dei chi avaśya vuḍi yiva
Ati guānna yuvati-ṭhāre dela mati bhunjiva yāhā karame thiva ||7||

Yauvana mātta hasti garvare vinati ankuśa prayoga na mānayin
Mote yāhā agocara kaḷata vicara ucchanna ṭope paḍiva kehi ॥8॥

Kāryya haiva saphala Hara-dambha-hāra Madana-rājā prasanna hele
Hari yole tu darpaṇa vuddhi rūpa guṇa diśai mohara āge thile ॥9॥

Dūti melāni hailā nija pure galā Naṭavara Vrundāvane sthiti
Kahe yuva Bhanja Rājā sāri Kāma-pūjā kara yuga yoḍi kale stuti ॥10॥

NAVAMA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHI

Valanti śuna he Phula-śara kara mora vola Rādhā ure stana-vyāje Śambhu gupata
Tumbe parābhavî Hare mu parābhavî Ramāre sariyaci daive duhinka mahata
Vindhi uccāṭana viśikha | kari thiva eka vālā hridaku lākha ||1||

Mu yenhe viraho khede yāi paḍili tā pāde se rūpe milile channe mopase seye
Divasa mililā vele luciva mo kara tale dekhu thiva bhuṣi pakāivi karaje
Tumbha śatru devi mun sādhi | tumbha gheni heva mora kāmanā siddhi ||2||

POI

Ājnā pramāne aniśe kara dei niśe Rādhā chidra panci galā māra
Kahe kara veṇu-dhavni santāpita gheni Briśabhānu-sutā hela tora ||1||

Rāmā purate praveśe panca-śara peṣe Madana-mohana hita-dānî
Padma-viśikha pavane padminî dahane rahilā virahānala gheni ||2||

Kāla Indîvara-śara kāla parakāra kāla kokila ravare paśi
Chāḍi akāra Aśokā dāna kala śoka śaśi-kiraṇa mānangke miśi ||3||

Kari sva-vaśa niālî kunjavane vālî nevāku rahilā veṇu-nāde
Dhairyya-cyuta karivāku cuta nārāca-ku vindhi madana nāśilā vāde ||4||

Śubhe bhramara jhankāra kiguna tankāra camaki paḍilā puṇi puṇi
Phingi delā moti-malî phani voli vāli garuḍa-nāmaku guṇi guṇi ||5||

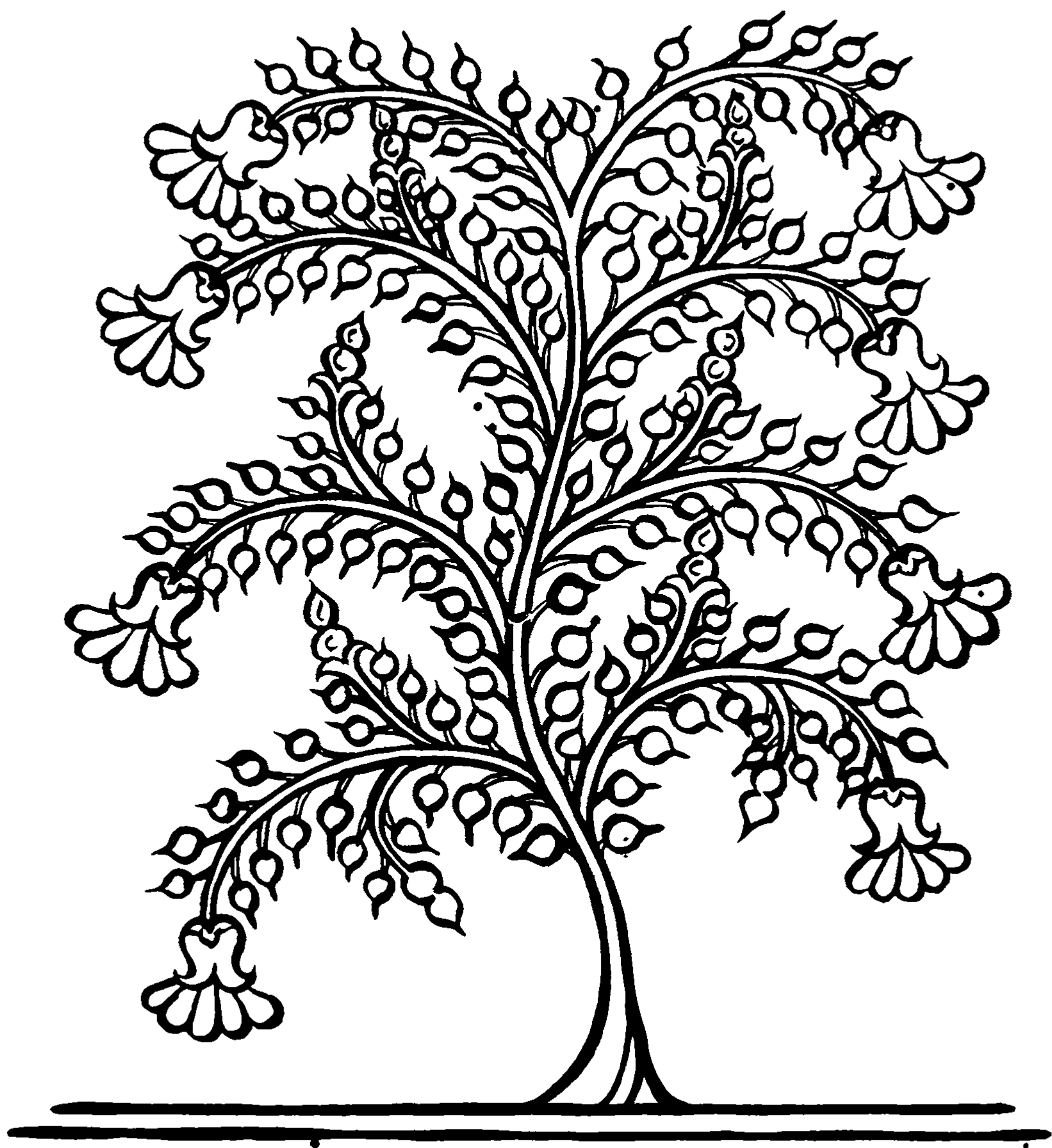
Keśun kusama kasilā atanu peśilā tikṣaṇa vāna bhāli pakāilā
Goli karpūra candana huante lepana sehita tanuku jalāilā ||6||

Gairika patra lekhā maṇi agni-śikhā vuku dukulaku jhāḍi delā
Bhāvi Krisṇa vinu gati nāhi e jagati pativraṭā-paṇa vuḍāilā ||7||

Kaṭi kinkini nupura kari se vāhāra ancale vāndhilā vājivāku
Jana apavāda lāja kalā se dahiya dūtîre vinati sarjivāku ||8|

Yā-yun yā-yun citte bhāvi ki kari cāḷinvi sakhi mukha-ku ki kritya kali
Tete vinaya na ghenì cau varga dāni vāhuḍāyi ete sari heli |9|

Seje ghenile sekathā na ṣariva vyathā āga ji-i-vāku nāhi vuddhi
Kahe yuva Bhanja Bhūpa dūtikā samîpa praveśa helā lāvaṇya-nidhi ||10|



DAŚAMA CHĀNDA : RĀGA COKHĪ

Rādhā vole : sakhi, śuna tora mora eka-prāṇa piṇḍa bhinna mu male tu hevu ki bhala ?
Mo doṣa pachaku pakā ethāku Kruṣṇaku ḍakā kalāṇi Madana na bhānga vola
Yeve daṇḍe vilamba kalu | Rādhā nāma gopya heva mahimaṇḍalu ||1||

Talapa bhajile muhin mane kalapanā nābi kulavatî hoi mati ati cancala
Manthile kṣāra prakāśa kare sinā nānā rasa e gurutā na rakhilā daiva-khela
Yuvākāle yuvatî-jana sāmye anādara kari pāranti ghena ||2||

POI

Vindu sudhā varaṣiva moha vāḍhāyiva parate nathilā dūtî mane
Śuni āścaryya hailā Kruṣṇe praśaṃsilā satvara gamana Vrindāvane ||1||

Khaṇḍe dūru delā dāka Hari chāḍa śoka pāśare paḍilā gandha-vaha
Rājya-bhraṣṭa narapati yathā labhe kṣiti tathā toṣe vole "kaha kaha" ||2||

Dūtî vale kahivāra no he tā vebhāra vilamba sahiva nāhi tile
Eve tumbanku mo tule vālā na dekhile na jî-i-va sudhā pi-i thile ||3||

Śuni sahacarî pache Veṇu-dhāri svacche gamana Rādhikā sannidhire
Tekise digaku ānkhi āsayi sumukhî cakora yesane Śaśadhare ||4||

Lāja thilā ye palāyi āge Kruṣṇa cāhîn vegare cittare prakaṭilā
Eḍe channa phula-śare nuyā prîti-ṭhāre koṇa cāhāni tā na tuṭilā ||5||

Manamathara mathane vinaya kathane vāṇî na diśilā nāgaranku
Tāku kola kalā chāti labhilā mahati-yoga-labhi rasa-sāgaraku ||6||

Śyāma vāhu vedhe rahi Rāmā śobhā pāi śaśî-ki paśi yāuchi ghane
Ṣati-kāre ye śobhitā kampe padmalatā kālindî madhy e ki pavamāne ||7||

Dekhi dūtikā antara palanka upara kiśora-kiśori kale cāru
Nava pallavaru madhu veni jane sādhu rati-kāma-rase dîkṣā-guru ||8||

Tānku na jānilā hoi bhāva vandi nāhin rati-madanku agocara
Kale smara-śāstra-ṭikā rasika-rasikā manu sabu bhāva helā dura ||9||

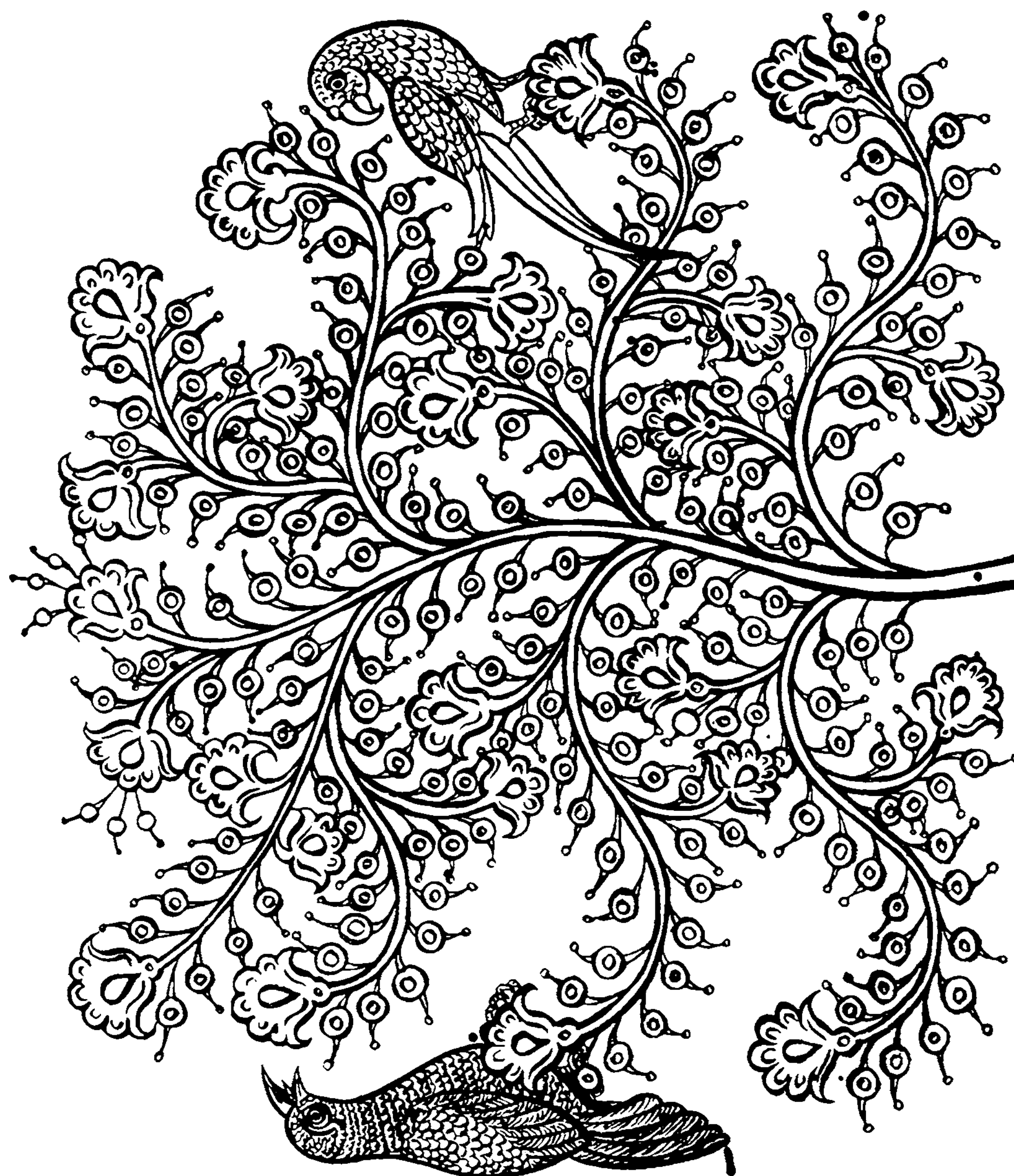
Kāma khele pāncilūṭa dākilā kukkuṭa pāhigalā niśi yāre (v.r. jāre) palā
Yuva Bhanja Narapati bhanati vinati Veṇu-dhara dhari Rādhā galā ||10||



RĀGA COKHI

To sanga chāḍivā sala jivana chāḍivā bhala melani hevāku citta vala-i nāhin
Kāhā mu kisa karivi divya citte bhāvu thivi dayālu maṇiki mora māguni ehi
Śuni bhāṣe navîna vālî | ehi avadhāna thile mu bhala heli ||1||

Ṣasu nanandaku bhaya hevāru bhānu udaya yāu-chi voli melāṇi delā cumbana
Kichi dūra yāyi sange abhinava divya range pacha bhuncā dei galā nikunja-vana
Rādhikā praveśa sadana | rasika ullāsa Daśa Poi sampurṇa ||2||



TRANSLATION

THE TEN IDYLLS

THE FIRST RHYTHM· CHOKHI METRE

It is now coming into view,—full of superfine flavours—the Beauty of Spring-time which bids one's heart to melt

The Cuckoo piped "Kuhu" "Kuhu" ! with great passion, to shroud the Black Pall of Cupid's Night ||1||

The Zephyrs from Malaya blow and the woodland shoots its tendrils, and the man away from home is scorched even by the cool soft silk of the lotus-stem

The Mango blowed into blossoms and Cupid frightened people : 'I will pierce thee with this dart' ||2||

By fragrance the Bee was dazed, as if by a poisoned potion, and (the lovers) felt the fragrance at heart,

In mighty terror, the Yogi-groups sharply shrieked : "Damsel !" (rāmā) the name of Rāma with a double 'a' ||3||

Burst to bloom, the Golden Blossom,—with its flimsy arrow shot at the Nāgeśwar buds

As the powder-pollens of the Nāgeśwar flew, and touched the bodies of Startled Youths—they made them gasp "Ah" ! in despair ||4||

Cupid, decked in the red Palāśa-blooms looked like fire to kill the way-farer far from home

To kill the joy of the Mateless Man—do the lines of Bees assume the spectre of smoke ? ||5||

With the news that the Champā, Mādhavî and Seutî plants are in bloom—the Bee is in dire elation

Did the Bees blow the bugles to say : 'Those far from home at the time were washed away in the Bore of Sorrow' ||6||

Some Prince of Lovers who heard the news were in ecstacy and thought of speeding home
On the way, in doubt, he asked his friend : "Will my Beloved be in a cross-mood ?" ॥7॥

One prayed to Lord Śivs, to make his breath last until he reached his dear Beloved
'Accepting my appeal of Separation's sorrow—let my Beloved keep me in the pillows of her busts' ॥8॥

The vision of Nava-mallikā Aśoka, and Mallî-blossoms gave aching hearts to some lonely damsels
With bated breaths—they did not freely express—but merely to their comrades exclaimed : "We are undone" ॥9॥

The travellers ran but the Sinners thought—they felt the bludgeon of Death in the spiky stem of the Ketakî-bloom
Says Young King Bhanja : The pool with lotuses in bloom mirrors the radiance of Loving Dames ॥10॥

THE SECOND RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

She has thin teeth, shining like Kunda-buds, rows of diamonds and pearls, and hail-stones, and also a playful wily lover

The lips which cover her teeth are red like cinnabar, mandāra, the early sun, coral, ruby, and the Vadhulî-blossom.

The new damsel is sweeter than honey, She is Rādhikā—with an ideal face, radiant like the lotus ॥1॥

She, a toy of Divine Pine, the gem of Youths, with thighs of plantain forms, at the end of the moon-lit night sat up

Bent on adoring the Flower-Arrowed Cupid, she ran with her mind drenched with the desire of plucking flowers

Not taking any comrade with her, she decorated the piece of wood-land, and perchance the whole earth. ॥2॥

THE IDYLLS

The sight of appearance of impediment to passion made Rādhā long for (a visit to) Vrindāvana

The branches of the charming *campā* and *punnāga* were touching each other and aping the weddings of man and woman ॥1॥

The Bee humming on the tendril of *mallikā*-bloom sounded like the marriage-conch and the cuckoo, like the priest, chanted the sacred text

The *Gangā-seuli* showered its blossoms—to make beautiful the sweet bridal bed ॥2॥

The shining *sunāri* flower exists in golden colour on which the Bee jumps out of greed

By soft breeze, the flowers are moved and they tremble as they seem to say :—
"Touch me not ! Touch me not !" ॥3॥

At some place the Mādhavî-plant, bedeoked with buds, is giving a shining welcome to new visitors
On the excuse of gathering honey—by the impact of new love—has the Lover held his beloved in the lap ॥4॥

The radiant Mango-tree is looking like a pimp—trying to extort money from a harlot
The half opened buds by the pretext of their charming smiles—are they not captivating the World ? ॥5॥

The Malli creeper upon the tiny shrub, mad with passion, looks like a lover in sexual act in reverse
There the deep cooing of the pigeons—rumbles, and the voice of the cricket imitates the jingle of the girdle ॥6॥

The *Nāga-keśara* has come to hang on the side of the Palāśa flower, with passionate ardour like the girls of the low-born caste
The new bride, dressed in silkrobe, throbbing with passion comes forward fo see if her beloved has come ॥7॥

Covered by flowers—the *Churi-ānā* plant, looks very like a separated dame in horripillation when she remembers her beloved
With intent to assuage her by inventing flattering words—the Bee like a false lover meets the *Churi-ānā* ॥8॥

The Niyāli blossom on its throbbing branch looks like elated Cupid, flourishing a beautiful bow
Like a serpent this will bite and break my heart—and turn it to a piece of pebble ॥9॥

Where the sight of the *Tamāla*-tree shooting off its branch—like the peacock's feather makes an eunuch to dance in ecstacy
Says Young King Bhanja that—such well with nine kinds of flavours cannot even be seen in the heavens ॥10॥

THE THIRD RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

The playful Hero Krisṇa is beautiful like the Blue Gem, Lotus, Cloud, Tamāla-tree, like Indra among a bevy of Youths
Like the dust of Gold lotus, like saffron-hue,—is the thief of the hearts of nymphs —the Sea of Flavours (Krisṇa)
As He was romping in the grove—His eyes fell on Indrānî—the Queen of Beauties (Rādhā) ॥1॥

He thought—it was lightning playing on earth,—by what chance the plants are all in bloom ?
How my past good deeds have all at once come to fruit,—and brought by Creator in this lonely wood
If one finds fulfilments of one's wishes, why should he not be humble—in such happy plight ? ॥2॥

THE IDYLLS

Musing thus, Krisṇa approached Rādhā—like unto a slave approaching his master
He wove soft submissive words and said : "I have been following thee from my baby-days ॥1॥

You are a wonder among the tendrils of imaginative passion and in your hearts You bear fruits of pity
Give me those fruits, fulfil my wishes, by incessant rain of nectars from your glances ॥2॥

O ! You talker in sweet music ! I will be your bought slave—do me this kind favour
Your face is equal to divine medicine—let your company kill all my dire ills ॥3॥

I have taken refuge under your red lotus-feet,—and repeating my humble prayers
O ! Gold-bodied damsel, lend me your boat of knees and help me cross my sea of woes ॥4॥

Look ! Look ! Cupid is seeking his bows, strings and arrows—and piercing my heart by cruel darts
So, I am begging the shield of you, my comrade—cover me up by your arms ॥5॥

"Instantly I am protecting you"—say these words of assurance to me
I am seeking refuge in your chest with triple rhythms—do not be a miser—but give all your best gifts ॥6॥

Break my black doubts, accept my flattering words, raise your moon-face
Now, why are you mute, and how are you tolerating the cooing of the cuckoo before you" ? ॥7॥

(Rādhā) shook with rage—very like a serpent beaten by a stuff
Said Rādhikā : 'Are you mad and anxious to steal the spouse of your uncle ?' ॥8॥

Having killed the Ṣaṇḍāsura and Vatsāsura—are you so bold as not to be afraid of sins
Go ! Go ! dont stay near me I do not wish to sin by looking at your face' ॥9॥

Your replies so decorative are really wicked—you bear no shame on your face
Do you not know Kaṃsa—so bold are you ? Young King Bhanja says with a smile ॥10॥

THE FOURTH RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

Hari said—O ! Young damsel, you are a doll made of butter-lump. Your words are cool like sandal paste—and your smiles are like camphor

How the Creator built you—I cannot guess in my mind, your busts attain the height of hillocks

A Hillock is called stone by the thoughtful—and one hears the Sagas say—that stone melts by love ||1||

Easily the face of the Moon burns the separated lover, is that why you talk and laugh at me thus ?

My body burns in the fire of separation—but you do not melt

Are you sinking in the water of kindness ? • Since you have merged me in despair are you not responsible for my death—like the Moon responsible for that of the Hare ? ||2||

THE IDYLLS

So saying the Divine Hari held the feet of Rādhā on his head—at the time

She could not draw back her feet and she was sad as she said : 'Let me off,' as she looked around ||1||

At this moment the Queen of Nanda dropped in slow steps—looking for Krisṇa in the same wood

Look ! as Fate wood have it, she saw Śrîpati (Krisṇa) dropping at the feet of Rādhā ||2||

She instantly shrieked : "What treasure have you earned—otherwise, why this vanity of yours ?

The sandal paste of my heart—why have you not lifted quickly—why has he fallen at your feet ?" ||3||

Having heard mother's protest, Śrî-Krișṇa abashed let go (her feet) quickly
He was in great distress very like a hungry man whose dish of rice is spoiled
by dust carried by wind ॥4॥

Very much embarrassed—Rādhā touched Yaśodā's feet by two hands and
saluted her
Very quick in wits, she made up a clever story—to assuage her mind ॥5॥

"O ! Lady ! your son mounting a high tree was ramping hither and thither
I threatened—that I will tell your mother and make her whip you ॥6॥

At this he became very humble, held my feet and entreated "not to speak
to mother"
Do please carefully judge and say how am I to be blamed ?" ॥7॥

After this mutual talk—Rādhā slowly stepped away—to break flowers
Having given the pains of separation—she glided away—tying up Krișṇa's heart
at the end of her sārî ॥8॥

(But) her eyes gazed on the jewelled flashes of the beauty of his handsome frame
Cupid happily sharpened and kept ready his arrows to pierce into each point
of her body's hairs ॥9॥

(So that) the touch of a leaf feels like a thunder and the voice of the cuckoo
seems like the roar of the clouds
The Young King Bhanja called Dāmodara, is getting old and rotten—after
repeated sights of such things ॥10॥

THE FIFTH RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

She shook in ecstacy, by the far-off sight of his very shapely shape like pure *Palāśa*, shiny pomegranate and *Vandhulī* blossom

The dust of *Mandāra* flowers fell on her body, like drops of fire and she thought Cupid has set the whole wood to blaze

'Is that why—this soft zephyr—as it touches my body—feels so hot ?' ॥1॥

The look of the Blue-lotus in water, the Mango-blossoms on land, and the cluster of new Jessamines—made her heart heavy

To kill me, Cupid closed all paths of escape, and now I am like an antelope circled by a net.

Fire she saw on all sides and the ringing bells made her run—plunged in inky darkness of the night ॥2॥

THE IDYLLS

Lying on new leaves, with eyes full of tears, He meditated on the form of Rādhā —the well of Flavours

Making a rosary of lotus-beads, he held in his hand, and meditated on her repeating Rādhā's name for all times ॥1॥

He fancied he had come and sat up on His bed and smiled and whispered soft sweet words

(He also dreamed) Rādhā had come, circled by million maids, and offering betel-leaf with the Eight Great Blisses—written on it ॥2॥

I lay and made her lie on my thigh—and my Beloved looked like this—

If Gold is rubbed on touch-stone—it leaves a line,—so her body touching mine, left a gaudy golden line ॥3॥

At this moment the cricket sang on the trees—and He fancied—the song was the jingle on her anklets
Under the delusion, He thought His comrade was coming—taking the movements of the leaves—as her treads ॥4॥

Now the illness of the Cupid will vanish—with the dish of drugs—rained on her blessed body.
Her hairs like deep mosses, her face like lotus—her smiles flashing like camphor, —all poured on the body ॥5॥

All aversion to food due to Cupid's illness shall vanish—through her teeth like good pomegranate drops and her busts like good Dillenia fruits
By the use of the specifics for youths, by the dose of deep love, the illness of separation will vanish ॥6॥

My dear life's beloved carries on her lips the new sugar—my heart will taste that sweet
As soon as the soft spell of whispers came from the heart—the ghost of Cupid will vanish ॥7॥

If a little bashful, the Queen of Youthfulness will lavish all her treasures on me through union
Like the Serpent-wreathe her arms will clasp my neck, her clothes will be cast away ॥8॥

Musing all this, he rose up fancying Rādhā has come, but his sense returned and all looked as false illusion
Young King Bhanja says again and again—the pain of separation has become acute ॥9॥

THE SIXTH RHYTHM CHOKHI METRE

At this moment enters the comrade and sees in the pose of Krişņa the play of Cupid's burning touch on the leaves of his body
By god's wrath—the pearl-strings had snapped, his shining skin like Tamāla-blossom had paled, and His body looked like a ghostly cloud
She thought could He have telt this pain for separation—but for His burning devotion for Rādhā ॥1॥

She sat by her side and assuaged Him and sorely asked—what brought Śrîpati to such pitiful plight
"O ! Comrade, do you not know why this plight—from the tears that my eyes shed—from Rādhā bereft"
So said Mādhava in sore sorrow, as the arms of the Messenger He clasped ॥2॥

THE IDYLLS

Again said the Holder of the Flute : "Listen comrade, since I did her behold—my eyes made her their habitation
What profit she, the coward, earned from my marks of musk—by rubbing them off ॥1॥

If I donot have her my life says it will flow away—now what am I to do ?
A damsel obdurate, she rejects my flattering plaints, and thursts me out, if I peep into her heart ॥2॥

She carries all spells to charm the world—with which she fascinates all heart
Go ! speak to her to ask her : 'Does she who captivates one, punish him with penalties severe ?' ॥3॥

'O ! Beauty ! kill not my hope, make me your slave, I shall live by slaving, serving her wishes
'Shall serve as gardener for wreathing flowers, as an. attendant to help to do her hairs, and make the face of Cupid black ॥4॥

Drawing suspicious marks on her brow, O ! Comrade ! For all ages I will hold the mirror to her face
If you make your passion's jewel—a petty utensil—then the pain of kissing will be thurst back ॥5॥

'I will cleanse her flashing feet, and hue them with lac-dye and myself serve better than a barber
And, I will spread out my breast to make her bed every night and all my life—banish all sins or errors ॥6॥

'My heart-beat will last—when I shall break the betel-leaf and make her chew it
With my mind on her service bent, I shall modestly implore and report at the time—my mental miseries ॥7॥

'I had hoped to have her as she has a soft heart for me
Since the Youthful one has not any where expressed her secret love (her silence spells consent) ॥8॥

'O ! Beauty, her heart looks hard to me in outer view—like cocoanut fruit—tough on the face
My lost life you have saved O ! Messenger ! what skill and glory has the creator given you !' ॥9॥

Thus addressed Lalitā said—"Forsake all fears and put in appearance in my company
You will stand behind the wall and come forth when I do call"—so said Young King Bhanja ॥10॥

THE SEVENTH RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

Keeping Krisṇa inside (the wall) the Messenger went inside the pavilion of Rādhā for an exclusive interview,
She sat down after greetings and she put the auspicious mark on Rādhā's head, and talked and laughed in all manner of sweetness—
"I have heard this strange story that the cloud has not quenched the swallow's thirst ||1||

Verily the Lotus whose lord is the Sun—never sends the Bee away—that is the story here.
O ! You with new youth, and with lips like the red Bimba-fruit, this great creation will cease,—if you fix your eyes on great yogic exercises ;
You had great love for him." Rādhā said : "Say it again, I do not follow you" ||2||

THE IDYLLS

Said the Comrade : "O ! Damsel ! will the creator remain debtor? To me this story is strange.
He for whose sake you put on the ascetic's robe, in last life, and died in the waters of Sarayu, ||1||

That person—fell at your feet, was he a dry worthless thing ! When He swore his true love
Seeing his sorrowful heart, how behaved your soft heart—at that moment ? ||2||

O ! Comrade ! You have not thought how long will last—fleeting riches and youth
Why have you forgotten that a gift to a worthy man remains a glory—all times to come ||3||

"What will be the use of the great golden Ketakî flower of fiery fragrance
If it is not tasted by the loving Bee—do think what is the use ? ‖4‖

First your age is young, and then you are spring incarnate, O ! Beauty ! You should meet him all alone,
If your heart does not melt there,—than (Cupid) will die by the fiery dart of Śiva's glance. ‖5‖

Hari in fear of Cupid, has come with me, if you permit—I fix a meeting in haste."
Hearing this Rādhikā was in a rage and said—"How dare you say this through your lips ? ‖6‖

Whose nature is wicked—you go near him,—since his thoughts have caught you,
Through your company—this I have heard, but these words do not deck my ears." ‖7‖

Immersed in the beauty of Rādhā, He gave up fears,—Śrîdhara came forward and grasped her hands.
"What curse is this" in anger she said and pushed Him back, and He fell on her hands and feet. ‖8‖

Picking up the dust of her feet He smeared on his body and said : "How cool I feel !"
"Does not the dust equal the good sandal-paste—and camphor,—by this my Cupid's fire has been cooled, ‖9‖

Whose feet-dust is so cool, how cooler must be her embrace ?"
The Young King reports that the young damsel said—"you will quickly drown the honour of Nanda's house !" ‖10‖

THE EIGHTH RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

The Messenger said: "Bhagwatî ! (Divine Lady) you leave this glory in this world—
He who is the Best of the strong,—you have enchanted by your beauty—the Enchanter of the world, He who defeats Indra in a quarrel, His vanity you have quelled by your flower arrows.
You do not pity at the sight – of one who held aloft the Hill—is he too weak to carry the Flute, ॥1॥

He who had once quelled the Kāliya-Dragon—in Kālîndî's pool—his poison of Separation you eliminate at the feet of Cupid,
Again ! Even if you are his captain, O, Moon-faced one, I see—He will flounder in the current of sorrow—
This sin will belong to who ? for this Prince (Nanda Kumāra) has not learnt to swim." ॥2॥

THE IDYLLS

"Do not listen to the evil words (of Krisṇa), get away quick, not meeting defeat— at the hand of a pigmy."
At this moment there—put in appearance—Jaṭilā—who is crooked in thought ॥1॥

Jadupati (Krisṇa) disappeared and the old dame asked :—"Who is that went away—now ?"
"It must be the cat captivated by the fragrance of milk—took to its heel—at the approach of human beings." ॥2॥

The clever damsel (Rādhā) by cunning words assuaged the mother-in-law and turned to domestic duties.
The comrade was encouraged and was glad (and asked) : "What shall I say to Krisṇa tell me, forsooth !" ॥3॥

Rādhikā, being averse—said : "Get away, quick, if not, I shall reveal all
I do not see anybody—putting on gems on his head—to rival me." ॥4॥

The Comrade said : "O ! Lady, you have cast away a valuable gem, carelessly—like a *Gunja*-fruit
You will surely come to repent this—O ! Crooked-eyed one !" ॥5॥

So saying with vehemence, she gathered up her hair and dress and said to (Krisna) "Let us go",
"From their birth they have learned only to sell curds, how wise can she be who prize gold as worthless glass ॥6॥

For a little while bear the sorrow, she has placed her feet on two boats—so she is sure to come to grief
One who has fixed his mind on a wayward damsel, He will suffer what is his destiny, ॥7॥

The elephant mad with youthful lust out of vanity—refuses to respond to the goad of discipline,
What is concealed from me—by thought or deliberation (purpose) will lead to the abyss of grief, ॥8॥

Success will enrich action if Cupid—the Vanquisher of Śiva is pleased."
Hari said : "Your wit is transparent like mirror, if it is before me I can perceive Beauty and Virtue" ॥9॥

The Comrade took leave and went to her home, Krisna tarried in the Grove of Vrindā
Young King Bhanja said : Krisna finished the worship of Cupid by praying with joint palms ॥10॥

THE NINTH RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

(Krisna) says : O ! Flower-arrow, Listen ! Do fulfil my wish, (or) Śiva is hidden under the cover of Rādhā's busts

You vanquished Śiva ! Rādhā has vanquished me ! By an unlucky chance—both of us have lost our greatness

By making the target of the heart of the Young damsel—do throw one of your sharp piercing missiles ||1||

Just as I fell to her feet through pain of separation—as she came to me with a ruse

When my day comes, She will take cover under my arms—and you will see how my nails chastise her

Your enemy I shall punish—for you—my desire will come to fulfilment." ||2||

THE IDYLLS

According to Krisna's bidding, (Cupid) quickly stroked his whiskers—and ran to look for loop-holes of Rādhā

(Cupid said : "Play on your flute—the music of which will smite and agitate the Daughter of Vrisa-bhānu and make her your own" ||1||

Entering the home of Rādhā, (Cupid) the friend of Madan-mohan (Krisna) flung his five arrows

The wind of the lotus-arrow—by using the Fire of separation, stayed to consume the Lotus-maid (Rādhā) ||2||

The fatal lotus dart of Cupid, like unto Death, passed into the voice of the black Cuckoo

Dropping its initial 'A' the Asoka-bloom bestowed misery (śoka) by mingling with the sheafs of moon-beams ||3||

By bidding the *niyāli*-bloom in the grove to capture Rādhā, Cupid awaited the music of the flute

To rob her patience—Cupid struck with the dart of his mango-blossom and killed it ॥4॥

Mistaking the twang of (Cupid's) bow in the humming of the Bee—she was, again and again, alarmed

Mistaking the pearl-string for the serpant, she cast it away, invoking Garuḍa's name ॥5॥

The flowers dropped from her hair, as she thought—Cupid has let fly—a sharp arrow

When She mixed camphor with sandal—to shampoo her limbs—they burnt her ॥6॥

The scarlet patterns on her breasts—she took as tongues of fire—and on her busts she shook her dress of silk

Guessing no salvation on earth without Krisna, she drowned her vow of chastity ॥7॥

To stop them jingling, she took off her girdle and anklets—and tied them at the end of her sāri

She burnt her sense of shame and modesty—to meekly appeal to her Comrade (for help) ॥8॥

On the way to her Comrade—she thought—"How could I face my Comrade,—what foolish things have I done

Flouting all His submissions, I have thrown away the Four Great Gifts—and I have suffered miserably ॥9॥

If he sticks to those words, my woes will not end,—I have no wish to live !"

Young King Bhanja says : The Casket of Beauty—reached the place where was her Comrade ॥10॥

THE TENTH RHYTHM : CHOKHI METRE

Rādhā said : 'Listen ! Comrade, my life and yours is one, if I die and leave this body what good will come to you

Throw away my faults, Cupid has called Krisna to me—do not dishonour my request

If you delay for a few moments, the name of Rādhā will vanish from this earth ||1||

If I die, there will be no sorrow in my heart, I am a married lady, so my heart is fluttering

Various fine flavours—if too much pressed yield poison—by the chance of god—my honour has been depressed

You know—young ladies during youthfu years can despise persons of like status" ||2||

THE IDYLLS

The Comrade did not expect that the moon will shine and banish the Lars to her mission

She was surprised to hear Rādhā, and blessed Krisna, and ran to Vrindāvan ||1||

From a little distance the Comrade called out and said : "Hari, cheer up—the wind has submitted to the noose."

As the dethroned king rejoices in regaining his throne, so Krisna elated, said : "Tell me your news !" ||2||

The Comrade said : "Her manner could not be told—she can not brook delay

Now if the dame does not see you with me—she will not live—even if she drinks ambrosia" ||3||

On hearing this—the Holder of the Flute followed the Comrade—with a shining heart, to go near Rādhikā

Looking up towards Him, Rādhā came forward like Cakora approaching the Moon ||4||

Her modesty vanished first, looking passionately at Krisṇa—His image shone in her heart
Trembling so much by the dart of Cupid,—the new love did not cut off the side-long glances ॥5॥

The Lover (Krisṇa) struck dumb by Cupid could not find soft words to utter
Him she took on her lap, and her heart attained supreme union—along with the sea of passion (Krisṇa) ॥6॥

Encircled by the arms of Krisṇa, the dame shone in her beauty—Is it the Moon getting inside the cloud ?
Verily, she shook in her beauty—like the lotus-plant inside the Black Lake (Kālindî) shaken by the wind ॥7॥

At this sight, the Comrade retired, and the Youth and the Damsel performed the Beautiful Act
Of the two, Rati (Rādhā), the honey of the new tendril—was the better Teacher of Love-Passion ॥8॥

Enchain'd by flavour, she was unconscious of Krisṇa, and inaccessible to Cupid and Psyche,
The two connoisseurs of Love-Passion wrote commentaries on the canons of Erotics, all other feelings vanished ॥9॥

Thinking that the erotic game has been played out, the cock cried out—"the night is out :—Ran away you Thief of a Lover."
Young King Bhanja humbly says—the Holder of Flute—grasping Rādhā's neck said farewell ॥10॥

CHOKHI METRE

"To leave your company is bad, to leave life is good, to go away from you my heart does not agree
Tell me what am I to do—? In my divine heart I will think of you, you gem of generosity this is my prayer."
Hearing this the young damsel said : "If this grace exists, then I am blessed ॥1॥

The sun is up—I am afraid of my mother-in-law and sister-in-law—I go now", so saying she gave the parting kiss
Going with her some distance in novel divine gesture, he backed out and walked to the 'Nikunja Grove'
Rādhikā slipped into her home, the Knower of Flavour was in ectassy—the song of the Ten Idylls has come to an end. ॥2॥

CRITICAL COMMENTARY ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Though Illustrated Palm-leaf Manuscripts have been known and some stray pieces have been published, as in the Frontispiece to R. D. Banerjee's *History of Orissa*, I, (1930), this is for the first time that a complete series of Illustrated leaves of one Ms. are, here, presented for an opportunity to study the miniature Illustrations of the Orissan School of Painting of which the incised drawings on palm-leaf provide a very interesting phase. Some of the earliest illustrated Mss. in Orissa are datable as early as the sixteenth century—so that the art may have been practised for more than five hundred years and as no systematic attempt has been made to discover all available specimens, it is quite possible that the discovery of earlier examples may establish the antiquity of a very interesting phase of Indian Book-Illustration.

With some rare exceptions,—most of the miniature Illustrations of Orissan Mss. are incised Drawings, engraved by a needle or stylo, on the face of the leaf—without any attampt to colour them. Unless filled in with ink or dry coal-dust—they are not very visible, just like the characters of the texts of the Mss.—similarly incised on the leaves. They are, therefore, very difficult to photograph, and are best studied in the originals.

The nature of the technique—that of drawing by means of an iron needle—imposes a severe limitation and handicap on the artist-illustrator—as it is hardly possible to execute lines of different intensity or depth, except by clumsy duplication, as in the limbs of the animals depicted on some of the leaves of this Ms. (vide, Plate I, folio e. Plate III, folios d, e). So that the delineation of the figures of human beings or animals—is only possible—by means of pure line of uniform breadth. Some apparent exceptions are provided in some of flowering plants drawn, particularly in the flowers placed at the ends of the branches (Plate III, folios c and h) and in the long twisted braids of the hair of Krisṇa, Rādhā and other women depicted, and also in some of the contours of the muscles of the human figures.

The suggestion for the blackness of the hair is made by close juxtaposition of simple lines. Except by this means, the rendering of shadows is out of the question. The art of these Drawings—is, therefore, one of pure, simple outlines—of extreme severity and restraint—imposed by the nature of the instrument employed. The success or merit of the Drawings—therefore depends entirely on the quality of the design or pattern—in its nervous or sensitive character.

They are "Etchings" rather than "Drawings"—with considerable power of expression—inspite of the handicap—that they are executed with a crude instrument lacking the variety, gradations, and versatility of the etcher's needles.

Unfortunately, our Ms. and its Illustrative Drawings are not very old,—not earlier than the 18th century, and, very probably of later date. So that the highest achievement of Orissan Drawings could not be judged by the quality of this Ms. The chief merit of these Drawings lies in their simple story-telling power—and some amount of dramatic feeling.

The first leaf (Plate I, folio a)—begins with a pictorial invocation to Gaṇeśha—a gaunt-looking image, with the mouse sitting by, posing with a raised head,—as well as an invocation to the goddess of Learning (Sarasvati)—a four-handed effigy—rather unconventionally represented—in a sitting posture—tuning her vîna—while her mount—the swan (haṃsa) clumsily squats by watching the tuning operation. This is not a piece of vulgarity—but the product of a simple folk-belief—that even the great Goddess of music—must tune up her instrument—before she can make it emit soul-enthralling divine Music.

In rendering types of human figures, the artist has followed certain older and established pictorial conventions in a rather mediocre and clumsy manner, such as the mode of rendering Krisṇa—the hero of the dramatic poem. The profile of Krisṇa's face—cannot always be distinguished from those of other figures and the difficulty is enhanced by the fact that both Krisṇa and the *gopīs* carry a long *veṇī*—the conventional long twisted braid—hanging down the back. Thus in the group of Krisṇa—holding the hand of the Gopî—in a passionate appeal for help (Plate III, folio f)—it is embarrassing to distinguish the sex of the two figures. In all the representations of Krisṇa in these Illustrations,

(excepting in the folio referred to above)—Krisṇa—can be easily identified by his long *vana-mālā* (wreath of wild forest-flowers)—rendered by a series of dots, which hangs, in graceful curves, round the torso, and by his *kāka cuḍā*—the conical tuft on his head, resembling the head of a crow. The women-figures are distinguished from the males (Krisṇa, and Cupid)—by the typical Orissan manner of wearing the sarî—by crossing the hem across the knees,—secondly, by a big circular nose-ring which adds a quaint, fantastic charm to the face, and, thirdly, by means of the long wristlet (vāhuṭi) worn on the lower arm. No distinction is made between Rādhikā the Heroine, and her Comrade—who acts as the go-between and ultimately succeds in bringing about a union between the Divine Lovers. This is typically illustrated in the group of Rādhā and the Comrade depicted on Plate V, folios a, b and c.

Notwithstanding the severe limitation of the linear technique—most of the figures are depicted with lively action, and significant dramatic movements and gestures and which tell the story with convincing eloquence. Animated conversations and heated dialogues between two personages are depicted with sufficient realism and vigour. Typical examples may be cited in Plate I, folio d. Plate V, folio b, Plate III, Folio a.

The departure of Cupid (Plate V, folio f) and his strenous flourish of his bow to make Rādhā feel the pangs of love (Ibid, folio g) are rendered with very much rhythmic vigour. The dramatic descent of Krisṇa at the feet of Rādhā (Plate II, folio g) to exphasize his prayer for her love and the sudden appearance of Yasodā at the critical moment and her angry abuse of Rādhā—for slighting her dear son—are depicted with verb and vigour, translating the passages in the text—in effective visual interpretation : "So saying the Divine Hari held the feet of Rādhā on his head at the time, She could not draw back her feet and she was sad as she said : "Let me off" as she looked around ॥1॥ At this moment the Queen of Nanda, dropped in slow steps—looking for Krisṇa in the same wood, Look ! As Fate would have it. She saw Śrîpati dropping at the feet of Rādhā ॥2॥. She instantly shrieked : "What treasure have you earned,—otherwise, why this vanity of yours ? The Sandal-paste

of my heart—why have you not lifted quickly—why has he fallen at your feet ? ||3||"

This and a few other scenes depicting quick dramatic actions and ancedotes have been depicted by the artist with the visual realism and vividness of a cinema-show. Indeed, the Illustrator, with no other appliance than a simple stylo—has called up the scenes described—in the text—with remarkable skill of graphic delineation.

The only weakness of the figures depicted—is in the lack of any refined type of beauty in the faces of the actors. But what they lack in facial beauty —they make up— in their vividly depicted actions and poses,—their highly expressive dramatic gestures.

The dramatic presentation of the story—in different scenes and ancedotes has called for different setting for the dramatic personae. For the indoor scenes the artist has introduced—effective architectural settings—consisting of summary presentations of pillars and roofs of various designs—related to the schools of wooden architecture in Orissa—practised in the middle ages—of which very few actual examples have survived. So that these pictorial replicas of such architecture are valuable data for the study of this phase of Orissan Civic Architecture—not to be seen in the temple-architecture in stone. On two of the leaves (Plate V, folios b and c) two peculiar types of pillars with small kalasa base, and large, heavy, radiatiug capitals are depicted at the centre of the compositions—dividing the space into two sections—depicting two anecdotes—illustrating different passages in the text. These types of pillers—rather fantastically designed, with top-heavy capitals—do not appear to be structurally sound and are evidently imaginative patterns not borrowed from actual architectural forms.

Sometimes, interiors of rooms are suggested—not only by architectural settings —introduced—at two ends of a leaf—but also by introducing—a three-branched candelabra (*shyāmādan*)—with glass cylinder covers (phanus) placed right at the middle of the room—accross which the actresses carry on animated and excited dialogues—notwithstanding this useful and ornamental barrier (Plate IV folios b, c & d). The introduction of these lamps perhaps also suggests that the time

of the anecdotes—is evening—though no suggestion for such timing is indicated in the related passages of the text. As a matter of archaelogical data it may be remarked that this type of candelabra—with cylindrical glass covers for the wicks cannot be said to be in use in India—before the advent of the Moghuls.

But the finest feature of the Illustrations is provided by the beautiful arborial settings—required by the vivid poetic descriptions of various flowering trees and blossoms—on which the poet has lavished all his imaginative powers. Indeed,—these lively representations of plants and trees—invest the Illustrations—with a dynamic liveliness and rhythm—which set off the story-telling figures—with a peculiar charm and beauty. Some of these arborial representations are pictured with a recognizable realism. But most of the plants are depicted in wayward ornamental conventions—disposing the branches and the sprays of leaves—in symmetrical loops—too decorative for a natural realistic representation. But for these fantastic ornamental conventions it would be possible to identify their botanical entities. Any-how, these decorative arborial conventions, sometimes very convincing in their lyrical presentations—offer appropriate visual parallels to the high-flown poetic conceits of the text.

In addition to individual representations of trees and plants—little glimpses of lotus lakes and covered bowers are depicted (Plate I, folio f. Plate III, folio c) as in the scene where Krisṇa "Lying on new leaves, with eyes full of tears he meditated on the form of Rādhā—the well of Flavours" (Ch. V (ii) Verse I). Lonely forests (Vrindā-vana, the grove of Vrindā) are depicted in at least two scenes by the introduction of groups of antelopes, and animals with spotted coat (tiger ?) (Plate III, folio e and Plate II, folio f). Of other animals depicted one can notice monkeys (Plate II, folios e and f) and jackals (Plate II, folios f & g. Plate III, folio b) Birds perching on the branches are sometimes represented and the peacock is several times pictured (Plate II, folios a, e, h). On some leaves—bees gathering honey are depicted to justify frequent descritpions in the text.

It would be unfair to compare the merits of these illustrations—with the miniature illustrations of other Illustrated Mss,—such as the Southern Rajasthani and Guzerati Mss. of the West Indian Schools or the Pala miniatures of Bengal

and Nepal, painted on palm-leaf Mss, with their elaborate paraphernalia of designs and colour schemes. If the Orissan "etchings" in their severe simplicity, and poverty of means—cannot rival the rich effects of the other Indian Schools—they hold their own—in the vivid actions of their figures and their power of depicting gestures and movements—inspite of the severe simplicity and austerity of their lines—telling their story within the utmost economy of means—a virtue no doubt imposed by the poverty of executive appliances. Another outstanding merit of these Drawings is their originality and idigenous character—not influenced by or borrowed from any other Schools. They are out and out indigenous, born on the soil of Orissa and entirely Orissan—in their tradition, conception and execution. In this sense they are unique, and stand on their own pedestals however crude and simple. Even their simplicity and crudity have a charm of their own.

GLOSSARY OF FLOWERING PLANTS AND TREES :

Mentioned in the Text with Corresponding Botanical Names

KARṆIKĀRA—Pterospermum acerifolium

AŚOKA—Saraca indica.

ARABINDA—Nelumbium speciosum.

NAVA-MALLIKĀ—Jasminum arborescens.

NĪLOTPALA—Nymphaea Orientale.

NĀGEŚVARA—Mesua ferrea.

PALĀŚA—Butea frondosa.

CHAMPĀ—Michelia champaca.

MĀDHAVĪ—Hiptage madablota.

SEVATĪ (SEUTI)—Chrysonthemum coromarium (Rosa alba)

VANDHU-JĪVA (VANDHULI)—Ixora coccinea.

MALLĪ—Jasminum Sambac.

MANDĀRA—Calotropis gigantea (Erythrina indica)

PUNNĀGA—Galophyllum inophyllum.

GANGĀ SEUDI (SIULI)—Nyctanthes arbortristis.

SUNĀRĪ—Cassia fistula

VAKULA—Mimusops Elengi.

CHURI-ĀNĀ—Ochrocarpus longifolius.

TAPICHA—Cinnamomum zeylanicum.

TEPE HESA—Ficus religiosa.

TAMĀLA—Garcipia xanthochymus.

KIṀŚUKA—Butea frondosa (?)

VAḌARIKĀ—Zizphus jujuba.

KEṬAKĪ—Pandanus odoratissimus.

GUNJA PHALA—Cannabis sativa (fruit)

A GLOSSARY OF PROPER NAMES, SUR-NAMES AND MYTHOLOGICAL ALLUSIONS, MET WITH IN THE TEXT

Ananga—literally, 'having no body (*anga*)', a sur-name of the Indian Cupid, so called—as he was burnt to ashes by the wrath of Śiva.

Bhagavatî—an honorific name, generally applied to the Supreme Goddess.

Brişabhānu—The father of Rādhikā—sometimes referred to as the daughter of Brişa-bhānu.

Dhūmāvatî—One of the Ten Magic Forms of the Supreme Divine Female Principle of smoky complexion—hence called Dhūmāvatî

Giri-dhara—lit., the 'Holder of the Hillock', a sur-name of Krişņa—given after he upheld the hillock Govardhana, in one of his famous exploits.

Hara—a sur-name of Śiva.

Hari—lit., he who eliminates sins, a sur-name of Vişhņu, and Krişņa.

Kalpa-latā—An imaginary heavenly creeper—invented by old Indian artists and generally used in decorating the facades of temple-architecture.

Kālindhî—lit., the Black River, a name of river Yamunā (Jumna).

Kāma—lit., passion or desire,—generally applied to the mischievous God Cupid.

Kaṃsa—the Indian Herod, king of Mathura, one of the Demon Kings, killed by Krişņa.

Lalitā—name of the principal confidante and go-between, in the affairs of love of Rādha and Krişņa.

Madana—a sur-name of Indian Cupid.

Mādhava—a sur-name of Krişņa, so-called after his killing the Demon Madhu.

Malaya—a mythical hill in the South, famous for its invigorating breezes generally referred to as the intensifier of the Love-Passion.

Manmatha—lit.,—'He who pounders the mind,' a sur-name of Cupid.

Māra—a sur-name of Cupid, the Indian Eros.

Nanda—the owner of a large cattle ranch in Gokula, the foster-father of Krisṇa.

Nikunja-vana—one of the groves of Vrindāvana—the frequent rendezvous of Rādhā and Krisṇa.

Phula-śara—lit., 'He who uses the flower as his Arrow', a sur-name of Cupid.

Purandarî—wife of Purandara, Indra, also known as *Sacī.*

Purandara—lit., 'a destroyer of cities *(pura)*',—a sur-name of Indra—the Jupiter of Indian Olympia.

Rādhā, Rādhikā—the married wife of Āyāna Ghoṣa, a cowherd of the village of Vraja, having illicit amours with Krisṇa and regarded as the best type of devotee—attached to her own Divinity, justified as the human incarnation of Lakṣmî, the spouse of Viṣṇu.

Rāma—the son of Daśaratha, King of Ayodhyā (Oudh)—the hero of the Epic Rāmayana, and believed to be an incarnation of Viṣṇu.

Ṣaṇḍa—one of the *asuras* (demons known as Vatsāsura), the Calf-Demon, sent by Kaṃsa to kill Krisṇa who killed the demon, as a piece of heroic adventure.

Sarayū—sacred river in Ayodhyā (Oudh) famous as the sacred venue—where Rāma—terminated his divine incarnation by drowning in this river.

Śaśadhara—lit., 'he who bears the symbol or mark of a Hare (śaśa)', a sur-name of the Moon.

Saśî—a name of the Moon, from the mark of Śaśa (hare) borne by the moon.

Śiva—one of the members of the Hindu Trinity, having his abode in the Himalayas, having for his spouse—Pārvatî—the queen of the hill-maidens.

Śrî-dhara—lit., 'He who holds Śrî (Lakśmî),' a sur-name of Viṣṇu.

Śrî-Krişṇa—an honorific name of Krişṇa, (lit., Krişṇa in his glory).

Śrî-pati—lit., 'husband of Śrî (Lakṣmî) Goddess of riches,' a sur-name of Vişṇu or Krişṇa.

Vanamālî—lit., 'One who wears a garland of wild flowers,' a sur-name of Krişṇa.

Venu-dhārî—lit., 'the Holder of the Flute,' a sur-name of Krişṇa.

Vrindā-vana—a sacred grove,—famous as the venue of the meeting place of the Divine Rādhā and Krişṇa, originally a grove on the banks of the river Yamunā, built by Vrindā—the senior confidante of the lovers, now identified with the ancient city of that name in the Uttara Pradeśa (United Provinces).

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